COMMENTARY

AFTER THE STORM

Can de Gaulle End the Algerian War?

RAYMOND ARON

PARIS

FOR weeks now the entire West has waited on the news from France. As in a suspense film the uncertainty lasted right up to the end, although the next day observers were surprised at their failure to see what, in retrospect, appeared inevitable. The confusion of deeds and actors has added to the fascination. Had General de Gaulle (the hope of Bourguiba, François Mauriac, and certain advocates of a liberal policy in Algeria) suddenly become the man of the extremists, of MM. Soustelle, Bidault, and Sérigny? Had the French army, which since Napoleon Bonaparte's seizure of power in 1799 never initiated a coup d'état, embarked upon a career in which the Spanish army was its predecessor? Was France forced to choose between the Popular Front and fascism? Was General de Gaulle the savior or the gravedigger of the Republic?

Perhaps it is not yet possible to give a definite answer to all these questions. The reality itself is confused and contradictory. Let us try to understand what has happened. We do not wish to recount again the history of events which readers have certainly not forgotten, but it is necessary to recall the essential facts, in contrast to the systematically falsified interpretations which a section of the French press is trying to spread.

Formally, Republican legality has been safeguarded; in reality, a military rebellion, begun in Algiers, has forced a government on France. I am not among those who fail to understand the importance of legal camouflage, but I refuse to take part in the sordid comedy by means of which those who call themselves Republicans try to conceal renunciation or surrender. If the Republic does not mean the supremacy of the civil power over the military, it means nothing. The same people who became enthusiastic over the dismissal of General MacArthur by President Truman are now shutting their eyes to the obvious: the generals in Algiers, encouraged by some colonels who were genuine conspirators, and by some groups of the Cagoulard variety, failed in their duty of loyalty. Whatever the outcome of the crisis, their action creates dangers for France's future which are tragically illustrated by the last century of Spanish history.

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By May 20 the appeal to de Gaulle had become almost inevitable. Was the Algiers Committee of Public Safety determined to send in the parachutists to attack the Republic? Would a Popular Front have meant either a civil war or, when the bill fell due, the triumph of Communism? Personally I believe that the trial of strength was moral rather than military, although some extremists in Algiers were probably ready to unleash civil war. The generals were too far committed to illegality not to go right to the end. Above all, M. Pflimlin's government had surrendered several days before its leader officially submitted his resignation. Meanwhile General de Gaulle consciously and voluntarily helped to create the situation which indicated him for the part of savior. Neither General Salan nor General Massu had taken the decision to refuse obedience to the legal government when, on May 15, de Gaulle gave his first statement to the press. Attacking the reign of the political parties, justifying the civilian and military rebels of Algiers, he gave new impetus to the movement which at that time seemed about to come to a halt.

The events of May 13 in Algiers were not caused only by the emotion of crowds fearing the advent of a government of "appeasement." There existed in the army and among the civilian population secret organizations, not all of which had the same object, but which had in common a desire to dictate to the Paris government the policy to follow in Algeria. Some of these groups were working for a so-called Government of National Safety with MM. Soustelle, Duchet, and Bidault. Others, more farsighted, dreamed of an authoritarian regime. Lastly, there were those who were genuinely Gaullists. These plots and conspirators were known to everyone in Algiers and in Paris. M. Lacoste in Algiers, and the Minister of the Interior in Paris, betraying the duties of their office, affected not to take them seriously and thereby inaugurated that attitude of non-resistance which marked the last days of the Fourth Republic. Thus, the men responsible for the attempted assassination of General Salan last year were never punished. But let us not exaggerate the importance of these new Cagoulards. M. Lacoste himself used the threat of rebellion to forbid any change of policy in Paris. He prepared the later events by allowing the preparations to continue, and by announcing the explosion for the day of his departure, May 9. Moreover, he put himself out of the game by refusing to be at his post on D-day, either to suppress the demonstrations or to join the rebellion. In France itself the dissidents were capable of creating some disturbances, not of seizing power by force. But was the Paris government still capable of making itself obeyed, or determined to defend itself?

A strange question. Whatever a regime may be, is it ever ready to abdicate without a fight? However, everything went on as if those who made themselves out to be the Republic's defenders feared a fight more than defeat. Neither General Salan nor even General Massu wished to commit a clear violation of their oaths. They played a double game, giving pledges at the same time to the revolutionaries in Algiers and to the Paris government. They crossed their Rubicon only after General de Gaulle's May 15 communiqué; then, from the moment of M. Soustelle's arrival, the dialectic of the Algerian revolution carried them beyond the frontiers of legality. By then, moreover, the actions (or rather inactions) of M. Pflimlin's government had given them every assurance of the outcome of the adventure.

THE Algiers Committee of Public Safety emerged from a mass movement which was partly spontaneous and partly manipulated. The Committee itself brought together civilians and soldiers, generals and colonels, revolutionaries and reformers, those who only wanted a parliamentary government faithful to the password "French Algeria," and those who, taking advantage of the crisis, wanted to put an end to the "party regime." On May 14, the Pflimlin government, invested by a comfortable majority, seemed to have every chance of winning. Nobody had

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moved in France, and in Algiers the generals were making embarrassed statements and indicating a retreat toward legality. On that day the government was not wrong to keep up the semi-fiction that the generals, acting on orders from Paris, were the depositaries of the powers of the Republic. After General de Gaulle's communiqué of May 15, the same tactics took on an opposite meaning. If the Paris government did not force the generals to choose, immediately and openly, between rebellion and obedience, time was inevitably against it. The new order in Algiers became more and more revolutionary; the generals, more and more compromised, could no longer, for personal as much as for political reasons, fall back into the ranks. The split between Algeria and France was unbearable from a long-term point of view, and the Paris government had no means of overcoming it. Having legalized the coup d'état and restored communications between Metropolitan France and Algeria, it had laid down its only two weapons, the one material, the other moral.

It would be unjust to accuse individuals. Certainly, M. Pflimlin scarcely resembled the image of himself suggested by his physical appearance: he is neither icy nor inflexible nor even determined. An honest man, he was quickly left behind by events. Face to face with the revolutionaries of Algiers, who did not shrink from the blackmail of civil war, he recoiled at the risks which resistance would involve. In all probability he recoiled because he himself did not believe in the regime. In this he resembled the majority of his parliamentary colleagues. For some months I had been struck by the defeatism of the members of parliament whom I met. All, whether they were Socialists or Independents (conservatives), announced resignedly that some day the parachutists would come to close the Palais-Bourbon. They regretted it in advance; none of them, or almost none, contemplated opposing it.

States of mind in politics are at once obvious and mysterious. Why this premature abdication? The first reply which comes to mind is that the parliamentarians were not unaware of their own unpopularity. The great schism between Communists and Socialists reduced the support which the regime could hope for from the masses of the working class. The nationalist intoxication, tinged with xenophobia, which for some months had been displayed in the press, in parliament, and in the streets, gave new life to the eternal temptation of the French rightists: the scorn of parliamentary institutions, the myth of a strong state. Thus M. Bidault was ready to sacrifice the Republic in order to save Algeria, unconscious of the danger of losing both. This unpopularity, it will be said, was deserved: it is not to be borne that, at so grave a moment, a great country should remain three months a year without a government. Nobody could justify the regime of the Fourth Republic as it had worked since the 1956 elections, or even since 1946. Yet it is necessary to make a distinction between the constant weaknesses of French parliamentarianism, and the causes of the present crisis.

In January 1956 an Assembly was elected in which the number of deputies "outside the game" amounted to nearly two hundred (the one hundred fifty Communists and some fifty Poujadists). There remained hardly four hundred deputies to form a majority. That majority therefore had to include Socialists and Independents. The extreme parties, hostile to the regime, only allowed the existence of one possible majority, which was itself heterogeneous and torn by contradictions. Changes of ministry thus became more numerous and more shocking, since the majority remained the same and the quality of governments lowered from crisis to crisis.

This parliamentary situation, which demanded an electoral reform and new elections, would probably not have been tragic if it had not coincided with the Algerian war. It was easy for the opponents of the regime, even for Republicans in search of an alibi, to blame the "party system" for the prolongation of the war. For two years the

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press, incapable of explaining why an army of 400,000 men did not make an end of those who were presented as a collection of murderers, had incriminated in turn Tunisia, the United States, Great Britain, "decadent intellectuals," and the regime. None of these accusations was without some foundation. Tunisia helped the Algerian nationalists to the best of her ability. Neither public opinion nor the governing quarters of Great Britain and the United States believed in the success of pacification: this skepticism strengthened the FLN rebels in their will to fight to the end. The opponents of M. Lacoste in France (I was one of them) gave the FLN the hope that one day France's determination would weaken. Her leaders did not succeed in convincing her enemies and the world that they really wanted what they said they wanted. To be convincing, they would have had to be convinced themselves; but their private conversations gave the lie to their solemn declarations.

Yet whatever the portion of truth that may be accorded to these arguments, as a whole they failed to take into account the essential fact: it was in Algeria, not in France, that the decisive game was being played. Nobody could say with certainty what percentage of the Algerian population was favorable to the FLN, what percentage was favorable to France, how many were decided to "wait and see." What is certain is that the nationalists represented a young, enthusiastic, passionate fraction of the Algerian people. Supplied from outside, in a huge country, broken and difficult of access, recruiting fighting men by terror or persuasion among the hundreds of thousands of unemployed, they were obviously not in a position to defeat the French army. But was the army in a position to restore peace, that is, either to exterminate the rebels or to attract the support of the mass of the population? The parliamentarians hesitated to give a reply, but the majority doubted whether total military victory was possible. Lacking such a victory, political means had to intervene to complete the task. But two obstacles appeared in the way: the intransigence of the FLN, and the fears of the Algerian French. It is easy, in the calm of a newspaper office, to write that negotiation alone offers a way out. But is negotiation possible without offering the right to independence, if not independence itself? And what French government could use that word, which was perhaps indispensable for negotiation with the FLN?

It will be said that, in the absence of negotiations, reforms of a liberal character could have been offered. Yes, it would have been better had the "framework law" voted early in 1958 been clear, and had it received massive support from the Assembly. But in any case it would not have satisfied the FLN. Perhaps it would have attracted the support of the moderate nationalists who are holding aloof today, but the war would have gone on. So the deputies felt confusedly that they could neither prolong, nor end, nor win the Algerian war. Once more, like their predecessors in July 1940, many of them longed in the depth of their hearts to pass on to some wonder-working personality the responsibility which they had no longer the strength to bear: a comparison which would be unjust if one did not add that the "Man of Destiny" restored the Republic twelve years ago, and then withdrew.

The hypothesis of a Roman dictatorship—that is, of power almost absolute, but legal and temporary—is not excluded. Like the full powers asked for by General de Gaulle, the Roman dictatorship used to last six months.

FOREIGN observers have been impressed by the calm of the French people throughout the storm. Apathy, indifference, loyalty to institutions—every explanation has been suggested. Personally, I am struck by the unchanging quality of the French political temperament, as it has been demonstrated in the course of the crisis.

France wavers between regimes of entire anonymity, when Frenchmen hardly know the name of their Prime Minister, and fits of enthusiasm for a leader indicated by his fame, his age, or the circumstances. It is as

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though the plebiscitary element, normally integrated into democratic institutions, were repressed in France during periods of calm, to explode the more violently when circumstances are propitious. At the moment probably, General de Gaulle would get 60 to 70 per cent of the votes if he asked for investiture at the hands of the ordinary citizen. He would not have got 20 per cent three months ago! How many will he keep in three months' time?

The parliamentary regime still does not enjoy the undisputed legitimacy which it has in the United States and Great Britain. Every time the divided country faces a major ordeal the regime is questioned, and men dream of constitutional reform. France has not yet overcome the precariousness of her institutions, which was noted and deplored in the last century by her political writers. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the subversive movement was unleashed by small clandestine groups, which received the support of the army owing to a colonial situation that created an inevitable solidarity between the French of Algeria and the officers and men from Metropolitan France. General de Gaulle himself, after having used the Algiers threat as a means of pressure, showed himself respectful of the forms and got together a cabinet which, apart from two of his old "companions" (MM. Debré and Malraux) and some bureaucrats, resembles the cabinets of the Fourth Republic. It is as though the "savior" had forced the regime to surrender, but in order to reform it, not destroy it.

It is needless to sketch once again this man's portrait in detail. Proud and solitary, great, but terribly conscious of his greatness, the General has wanted to assume the Republic's powers, not from vulgar ambition, but from a certainty that he and he alone was capable of saving the country. An ambition which, so to speak, transcends the personal, since it scorns the fruits of power and aims less at honors than at "the fame which is not shared." Today, at the age of sixty-seven, General de Gaulle states, with obvious sincerity, that once peace is restored in Algeria and the constitution is reformed, he will return to end his days at Colombey. But the future belongs to no one, and the forces unleashed by the storm will perhaps obstruct this plan to emulate Cincinnatus or Washington.

For two years France has had Algiers for capital. The surrender of the Paris government dates from February 6, 1956 (when M. Mollet capitulated to the settlers). The whole question is to know whether the Algiers coup d'état, which formally marks a new stage in France's submission to the Algerian French, will not bring about a dialectical reversal. May not General de Gaulle give back autonomy to the French state, henceforth symbolized by his own person? The answer depends above all, and almost solely, on what de Gaulle undertakes in Algeria. If he prolongs the previous policy, if he ratifies the decision—taken in a moment of enthusiasm—to aim at integration, he will find himself in a few months from now—and France with him—in a much worse state than before the storm. If he applies the ideas which those who have been in contact with him during the last two years (and during the crisis itself) attribute to him, an almost miraculous opportunity of salvation will be offered to France and the West.

INTEGRATION, in the form in which M. Soustelle has tried to recommend it, is impractical. If Algerian men and women have the representatives in parliament to which the proportional rule entitles them, they will soon have more than a hundred; in twenty years, with the present growth of the Algerian population (250,000 a year), they would occupy a quarter or more of the seats in the Assembly. Economically, the reduction of the differences in living standards between Algeria and Metropolitan France would mean sacrifices which the French would no longer accept once they felt their consequences. From a human point of view, integration would not take away from Moslems of French culture the desire to assert the personality of Algeria: after all, the assimilated Algerians, the students,

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are in the vanguard of the nationalist movement, because it is they, more than the masses, who are humiliated by the French. In truth, those who proclaim the password of integration, whether they know it or not, can only want an enrollment of the type carried out by the army in a part of Algeria. This kind of integration is colonialist or fascist. If the army wishes to impose this policy, it will also have to impose a fascist regime in France. To imagine one hundred Algerian deputies in the Palais-Bourbon is lunatic. To imagine France without a parliament unhappily is not.

The other way is that which General de Gaulle has always suggested as the one he wished to take: association. The formula of a Franco-Algerian federation and confederation with Tunisia and Morocco creates more problems than it solves; it comes very late. The only solution which still offers a chance must be based on two principles: equality of Moslems and French in Algeria, and recognition of the special position of Algeria in relation to the other French departments. At this point two threatening questions appear: will the Algerian French now accept what they have refused for so long? Will the FLN renounce its immediate and extreme claims? Or, at least, if it continues the struggle, will it be deserted by its troops and by the masses? For some weeks General de Gaulle will have the chance to serve France such as no Frenchman has had before him, and which none will have for a long time to come. Never has so much been entrusted to one man.

It would be easy to evoke the dangers threatening: the Communists have come out of their isolation, and an imposing section on the left is ready to join them tomorrow to "restore the Republic." Certain people in Algiers, civilians and soldiers alike, want to enlarge the breach they have made in the fortress of the Republic. For some weeks, contentment will reign. A free delay of execution is always granted to "men of destiny"; sometimes it is dearly paid for. But why continue? Frenchmen are no blinder than others, and they know what (during the Great Revolution) followed the days of fraternization, the festival of Federation, and the trees of Liberty. But a Frenchman may surely be pardoned for not losing hope. For, if General de Gaulle fails, if the Algerian war continues, if passions are unleashed, if events follow their catastrophic course, if tomorrow France must choose between the Communist party and the regime heralded by Algiers Radio, then millions of Frenchmen will watch their country's ruin with torn hearts.

Since the war, in spite of parliamentary imbecilities and colonial follies, the nation has begun a profound economic, demographic, and spiritual renaissance. All the elements necessary for an honorable period of French history are present. There is but one condition: that France accept the world as it is, that she take her place in it, and prefer reason to myths. We know that the friendship of her allies will not fail her: in the months to come more will be at stake than the fate of France alone.

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THE FOURTH REPUBLIC ABDICATES

Anatomy of the Crisis

RAY ALAN

PARIS

"INCAPABLE of living decently," wrote Hubert Beuve-Méry in *Le Monde* at the end of May, "the Fourth Republic does not know how to die with dignity." "It didn't even die," commented a Gaullist leader; "it crept away and hid in a ditch." The humorous weekly *Canard Enchaîné* ran this advertisement on June 4: "TO LET—Vast premises, ideal showroom, etc., can seat 680, view over Place de la Concorde, available immediately. Write C. de Gaulle." That just about summed up the whole affair. A few deputies received telephone calls threatening them with reprisals if they voted against de Gaulle, and an effort was made to undermine the morale of parliamentarians and journalists with rumors of troop movements; but the issue was never in doubt.

Yet only a few weeks earlier the French people had passed a substantial vote of confidence in the Republic. Local elections in every part of the country showed a general consolidation of support for the traditional republican parties. "REMARKABLE STABILITY OF THE ELECTORATE," proclaimed the Paris press. The Gaullist Républicains Sociaux, and the right-wing extremists who were shortly to enjoy so startling a triumph, received only a fraction of the poll. Indeed, in most *cantons* Gaullism was not considered a live issue and the right was divided. One right-wing paper, recording that only a hard core of hangers-on still spoke of de Gaulle as a potential savior, noted that some of the General's keenest supporters were now fellow-travelers. There can be little doubt that had de Gaulle been content to sit in his village and await the nation's call he would still be waiting. Few democrats are as yet reconciled to the fact that he was propelled to power by a coalition of demagogues and mutinous army officers. The mass of the French people are neither enthusiastically for nor decidedly against him, while among his present supporters are many who opposed him in 1940-44. Between May 13 and May 16, under cover of darkness, teams of Poujadists and other right-wing extremists sped by car throughout the southwest of France to daub road junctions and public buildings with the Cross of Lorraine and the "V" sign: the same men would have denounced to the Gestapo or Vichy's militia any Gaullist they found chalking up these symbols during the German occupation. Ex-Vichyites now argue openly that de Gaulle's alliance with the army vindicates Pétain's rejection of the Third Republic, and conservatives generally support him for the sort of reasons which have always made the French right yearn for "strong" government.

A widespread comment now is: "Well, at least he'll stand up to the Americans and prevent them from making off with the rest of our colonies and our Saharan oil." This may serve to explain why, outside the Communist ranks, hostility to de Gaulle is muted. Opposition Radicals and left-wing Socialists tend to concentrate their not very impressive fire on his "sponsors." As for de Gaulle personally, many of them admire

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SINCE RAY ALAN'S last appearance in COMMENTARY ("Rival Blocs in the Middle East," April) the storm center has shifted to North Africa, where the Algerian rebellion sparked a political upheaval in France and the return to power of General de Gaulle. In analyzing these dramatic events, Mr. Alan draws on wide experiences as an observer in the Mediterranean and the Middle East. His present home is in France.

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him for his past record; and, while generally mistrusting military men who intervene in politics, they would in normal circumstances be prepared to give him the benefit of the doubt. They might even swallow their dislike of the financial and "technocratic" elements in his administration, whom de Gaulle will probably dominate without difficulty. But what of the men who rushed him to power, the men of USRAF (of which more later) and the Algerian Public Safety Committees, some of whom are still calling for the abolition of political parties in France? "These are the sort of people," said a friend of Mendès-France, "who have never reconciled themselves to the Republic. They have never had any use for parliamentary democracy other than to exploit it in their own interest. You find them hovering over the scene of every major crisis in post-revolutionary French history, slavering with eagerness to demolish representative institutions, hand the schools back to the monks, and muzzle the press. Anyone who imagines that having pulled off a *coup* of this magnitude —having established a working alliance with popular right-wing army officers as well as the usual neo-fascist gangs—they will meekly help de Gaulle make our democratic institutions more efficient, ought to have his head examined."

As against this, a regional Socialist party secretary suggested that this danger was roughly Guy Mollet's reason for wanting a foothold within the de Gaulle administration from the start. "De Gaulle has very few clear political ideas and only a vague understanding of economics. For him France is a mystical entity, a cathedral-like void uninhabited by mere flesh-and-blood Frenchmen and unsullied by political and economic facts. If we made no effort to fill the void for him, his sponsors would. It is our duty to counterbalance their influence, to keep an eye on their activities, and seize whatever opportunities develop of exploiting their differences. This can only be done from within the de Gaulle administration." But will de Gaulle's "sponsors" allow themselves to be "counterbalanced"? There is every indication that they are more than a match for the temporizing M. Mollet.

THE latter-day "Gaullists" who brought the Fourth Republic to its knees (and are now upset because de Gaulle refuses to play their game) can be divided into three groups: Algerian *colons*, parachutist officers, and right-wing politicians.

Algeria's European settlers have a right to be proud of their material accomplishments without which the country would in all probability resemble Yemen or Oman. But they have never been able to forget that they possess Algeria by right of conquest, a right that would be challenged if the fast-multiplying Moslem masses around them ceased to respect their strength and technical superiority. The pre-war review *L'Afrique Latine* summed up their attitude thus: "We French are at home in Algeria. We made ourselves masters of the country by force—for a conquest can only be realized by force and implies necessarily the existence of conquerors and conquered—and then proceeded to organize it as we wished—a fact which reaffirms the principle of the superiority of the conqueror to the conquered, of the civilized man to his inferior. . . . We are thus the legitimate owners of the country."

From this sort of outlook to racism is a short step, and racist tendencies among the settlers were intensified from the start by the fact that a majority of them were not, in the Algerian phrase, *Français de France*, but immigrants from the more backward areas of Andalusia, Sicily, southern Italy, Malta, and Corsica, where living standards were nearer the Arab than the prevailing Western European level. These "poor whites" (the French term is *"petits blancs"*) frequently had to compete with Moslems for employment and were themselves despised and sometimes exploited by the richer *colons*—a situation which impelled them to assert on every occasion their superiority to the "natives," and to be (as they saw it) more French than the French. Moreover, this preponderance of settlers from communi-

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ties lacking liberal and democratic traditions hampered the growth of reformist movements and played into the hands of the thirty or forty European landowners with really vast holdings who had every reason to fear any kind of reformism, Moslem or European.

The big *colons'* wealth, political and administrative influence, and control of the press, has enabled them to keep alive the "We-are-here-by-right-of-conquest" mentality, exploit "poor white" Arabophobia (and anti-Semitism) and vilify the liberals in France (some of them, conveniently, Jews) who urge a more enlightened approach to North African problems. Since the foundation of the Fourth Republic they have poured out billions of francs in support of right-wing papers and politicians committed to the defense of their privileges. They have subsidized reactionary groups such as the Poujadists, and overtly neo-fascist bodies (among them Biaggi's "Patriotic Revolutionary" party and more than a dozen ex-servicemen's organizations) whose chief purpose is to break up liberal and socialist meetings and frustrate rational discussion of the Algerian question. They have inundated the French army in Algeria with propaganda intended to discredit the parliamentary regime and warn all ranks against "another sell-out by the politicians." More than a thousand free copies of a booklet entitled *Counter-revolution: Strategy and Tactics* were distributed last winter to officers and NCO's by a settler organization: printed in Belgium (it was banned in France), it urged the French army to follow Franco's example, "march on Paris" and establish a "military regime of national renovation." One appreciative reader, who quoted it to his visitors, was a certain General Massu.

THE 400,000-strong French army in Algeria comprises fewer than 35,000 first-class fighting troops, the bulk of them parachutists and Legionnaires. By the end of last winter the "*paras*" had come to feel that practically the whole weight of France's Algerian war effort lay on their shoulders. In Algeria, as in France, business was prospering as never before; Algeria's European businessmen were piling up handsome profits (which they invested in real estate in France) from the military expenditure in their midst; the proliferation of administrative posts caused by the emergency meant that even the dimmest European youth could take his pick of pensionable jobs*; and most French troops in Algeria were engaged on guard and depot duties which, if boring, were not particularly perilous. Only the *paras* were constantly in action against the FLN (Algerian National Liberation Front), whose armed effectives were estimated early in May to number between twenty and twenty-five thousand.

Beneath this grievance festered a powerful complex, whose ultimate roots lay in the debacle of 1940. The French army is bound up with the national *mystique* in a way few Americans or Britons could begin to comprehend: even French leftists are apt to be shocked by anti-conscription arguments, and pacifists who try to avoid military service receive rough treatment. But in 1940 the army went down in defeat, and France's main contribution to her own liberation came not from the traditional custodians of her grandeur but from British-supplied irregulars—most of them workers and intellectuals, two categories of men the average French officer disdains. This long-drawn-out affront to French military pride has probably left fewer scars on the minds of France's brisk, efficient parachutist officers than elsewhere in her armed forces. Their conviction that their corps is now the best and toughest of its kind within the Western alliance has salved their self-respect. They feel that however "soft" British or American airborne units may have gone in recent years, they at least did win their battle honors fighting a real enemy. "Our

*In order to become a civil service clerk or teacher, for example, Algerian Europeans need no longer possess the *baccalauréat* (school certificate), yet they are paid 70 per cent more than their opposite numbers in France, and exempted from the greater part of their military service.

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entire existence has been devoted to tangling with natives—first in Indo-China, then in Tunisia and Morocco, finally in Egypt and Algeria. Incompetent politicians use us as maids-of-all-work and colonial policemen, and then, adding insult to injury, abandon us in a posture that to the outside world looks suspiciously like defeat."

From the day the *paras* "took over" the Algerian war their slogan was *"Il faut que ça change."* Their leader, Colonel Bigeard, required his officers to take a pledge not to leave Algeria until "final victory." To troops undergoing training at his Philippeville depot he proclaimed: "We French have been swallowing humiliation for twenty years. It's time we dished some out for a change. We must be prepared to go beyond every conventional limit. You will leave this depot different men—men fired with the faith of the Crusaders. . . ." For Bigeard (as for T. E. Lawrence, whose thinking he paralleled on many issues) there were no moral barriers. The FLN being the declared enemy, no means of combating it, and saving the army from the shame of another politically imposed defeat, could be neglected. Hence the use of torture—which no parachutist officer has denied—and the massive reprisals against villagers who may or may not have assisted the FLN. Hence the deliberate drive to uproot the moral inhibitions of newly arrived troops, to condition them for anti-guerrilla warfare at its most savage. Yet although racism may have infected their lower ranks, these elite units of the French army were not anti-Moslem. On the contrary, "good" Moslems, including deserters from the FLN, were given privileges and social services superior to any they enjoyed before the present emergency. Far from underwriting the selfish intransigence of the more influential European settlers, many officers clearly despised them. General Massu displayed his usual energy in breaking a strike called by the *colons* in September 1957, in protest against a timid move by the government of the day to improve the Moslems' electoral status. One officer close to him said: "If, after dealing with the FLN, we have to get rough with some of the *colons* in order to clear up this mess, we shan't hesitate to do so." The trouble was that the parachutist officers' obsessive fear of a dishonorable settlement and their contempt for—and mistrust of—the professional politicians overrode all other considerations. As Paris abdicated more and more of its responsibilities they drifted steadily closer into alliance with the *colons*. Oddly enough, they seemed not to notice that this alliance was being manipulated by highly professional hands.

IT WAS the Socialist party leader, Guy Mollet, who on February 6, 1956, started the process which in the end led to last May's *coup* in Algiers. Raised to power, in alliance with Mendès-France, to secure a peace settlement in Algeria, he abruptly reversed his policy after furious crowds had pelted him with tomatoes. "Even though I had a very unpleasant time, this unfortunate demonstration had a healthy aspect: it was the means whereby a great population was able to affirm its attachment to France," he said rather lamely at the time. For the *colons*, the administration, and the army, the moral was plain; and thereafter the French government's authority in the territory was little more than nominal. In October 1956 the aircraft taking Ben Bella and other FLN leaders from Casablanca to Tunis was intercepted by the Algiers authorities without consulting Paris and although this act set back Moroccan-Tunisian efforts to mediate between France and the FLN, the Mollet government meekly "covered" it. In January 1957 a group of European "ultras" tried to assassinate General Salan by firing a bazooka through his office window (he was thought to be too "soft" toward the Moslems): a major on the General's staff lost his life in the outrage, but although the names of the assassins were widely known in Paris and Algiers, no action was taken against them. And early this year the bombing of Sakhiet-Sidi-Yussef, timed to frustrate a Franco-Tunisian rapprochement, earned its authors no more than a mild reprimand.

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The lesson of M. Mollet's experience impressed itself equally forcibly upon observant politicians in Paris. Mollet had conceded to the Algiers mob the right to veto French policies. Might not its emotions be exploited to veto undesirable appointments also—and, conversely, to open the road to power to meritorious personalities? A vigorous drive for the Algerian settlers' favors, its theme the bankruptcy of the whole political "system," was opened by such pillars of the "system" as MM. Soustelle and Chaban-Delmas (both members of the Républicains Sociaux, the party which had succeeded General de Gaulle's Rassemblement du Peuple Français), André Morice and Bourgès-Maunoury (both Radicals), Bidault (MRP) and Lacoste (Socialist). Soustelle, the most intelligent of the campaigners, was the best-placed to succeed. During the war he had directed de Gaulle's principal secret service, the DGER. From 1947, he had been secretary of the Rassemblement du Peuple Français, and from 1955 to 1956 Governor-General of Algeria. In March 1956 he launched a new organization, l'Union pour le Salut et le Renouveau de l'Algérie Française (USRAF), to which Bidault and Morice rallied in due course. A year later he grafted onto it a secret subsidiary, responsible only to himself, whose principal organizer was a Paris businessman, René Dumont, who had been his assistant in the DGER. Dumont drew into the organization several thousand right-wing activists—wartime DGER operatives, former members of the RPF's tough *service d'ordre* (most of whom, to de Gaulle's chagrin, had once been Vichyites), demobilized officers and colonial policemen, settlers repatriated from Tunisia and Morocco—and established liaison with ex-servicemen's organizations, whose members include about 100,000 ex-parachutists. "Special services" were directed by Colonel Paillol, one of de Gaulle's wartime Intelligence officers, and a former commissioner of police named Mellero who had been involved in the murder of the Casablanca newspaper-owner Lemaigre-Dubreuil and an attempt on the life of Mendès-France!

Liaison with the Algerian settlers' leaders was maintained through the many influential personal contacts Soustelle had established during his governorship. Prominent among them was M. Alain de Sérigny, director of the rabble-rousing *Echo d'Alger*, and public relations adviser of the Confédération Générale de l'Agriculture d'Algérie and the Confédération Générale du Patronat Algérien, to which all European landowners and businessmen pay a monthly "tax" for propaganda purposes. Through Sérigny a substantial subsidy was made available to USRAF. Neither Sérigny (whose editorials denouncing de Gaulle's "treason" in 1940 won him a decoration from Pétain) nor the interests he represented were Gaullist. Their chief concern was to combat the politicians whom they suspected of favoring a liberal solution in Algeria and, at the first opportunity, to bring to power a "tough" government whose members would include Soustelle, Bidault, Morice, and Chaban-Delmas. (According to one source, Soustelle had assured Sérigny that USRAF would not be employed to de Gaulle's advantage.) Yet, while collaborating closely with USRAF, Soustelle's fellow-Gaullist Jacques Chaban-Delmas, Defense Minister until May 13, also maintained a private *réseau* (network) of his own in Algeria. It was in the charge of an energetic, personable activist named Léon Delbecque whom Chaban-Delmas had nominated "permanent special representative" of the Defense Ministry in Algiers. Delbecque had come to prominence as an organizer and fund-raiser for de Gaulle's RPF among business circles in the Lille area of northern France; after the eclipse of the RPF he was regional organizer of the Républicains Sociaux. In Algiers he rapidly made himself the principal animator of the local Vigilance Committee, the center of a web of contacts linking the local end of USRAF, Chaban-Delmas's personal allies (for the most part Gaullists), a small group of politically minded army officers (notably General Allard and Colonel Trinquier), the Prefect (chief civil administrator), the Poujadists, the neo-fascist Students'

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Association, and various ex-servicemen's organizations to which, as a friend of Biaggi's, he had ready access. Little of any political significance could be done in Algiers without his knowledge. On April 27, to test his strength, he organized—with Chaban-Delmas's approval—a demonstration which the Minister for Algeria, Lacoste, jealous of Chaban-Delmas's influence in "his" territory, banned. The demonstration was held nevertheless and attended by General Allard and Prefect Baret—who congratulated the demonstrators on their discipline!

Robert Lacoste, an old trade-unionist, appointed Minister Resident in Algeria by his party leader, Guy Mollet, during the latter's Premiership, meanwhile sought popularity in Algeria in the surrender of principle and authority. Early in 1957 he ceded to the army exceptional police powers which gave a small group of officers intimate control over every aspect of civil life in Algiers. He thought to ingratiate himself with the army by tolerating the use of torture and by inspiring a press campaign and street demonstrations against a parliamentary commission nominated in Paris to investigate certain charges. He ordered further demonstrations in his own support (and against his own party) when fellow Socialists criticized him. In the latter half of April, after the defeat of the Gaillard government (of which he was a member), Lacoste learned that a majority of his Socialist comrades in the National Assembly had decided to vote against any new Premier who proposed to retain him in Algiers. On May 9 he met representatives of the army and the Vigilance Committee to plan a major demonstration of protest against any government which did not include him, though he turned down a suggestion that he cling to his post in defiance of Paris. Then, declaring loudly and repeatedly that a "diplomatic Dien-Bien-Phu" was in preparation, and that if the moderate conservative Pflimlin became Premier, Algeria would be lost by October, he left for Paris, confidently expecting to return shortly. His alarmist declarations were duly played up by the *Echo d'Alger* and the patriotic organizations: together with the conveniently timed announcement of the murder of three French prisoners by the FLN they played an important part in whipping up popular emotions. But his usefulness to the rebels had ended. The Vigilance Committee members were now publicly deriding his naivety and preparing a demonstration calculated to serve a final demand on Paris for a "strong" government.

Like M. Lacoste, Defense Minister Chaban-Delmas was about to relinquish his post. On May 11, having learned of the Vigilance Committee's plans from Delbecque, he ordered Colonel Trinquier, whom he had recently placed at the head of an elite parachutist regiment in eastern Algeria, to move his troops to Algiers. They arrived just in time to take over from the "commandos" of the Algerian Students' Association who sacked the great Government-General building and transformed the demonstration into a *coup*. The Students' Association, grouping both university and high school students, is a neo-fascist body whose leader, Lagaillarde, a burly twenty-nine-year-old former *para* lieutenant, echoes Biaggi's catchphrases, preaches the need for totalitarianism, and denounces as a traitor anyone who advocates civil rights for Moslems. Both Lagaillarde and Colonel Trinquier were in constant touch with Delbecque, among whose assets was a Defense Ministry radio network connecting him with local military commanders and with Paris. Another friend of Delbecque's, Colonel Godard, held police powers over the whole of Algiers and could have routed Lagaillarde's students within fifteen minutes, had he so desired. Delbecque stands out as the obvious coordinator of Trinquier's "march on Algiers," Lagaillarde's assault on the administration, and Godard's uncharacteristic inactivity; but in fact Lagaillarde's students, closely followed by a mass of "poor whites" from the Spanish-Italian suburb of Bab el-Oued, went ahead on their own. It seems that no more than certain preliminaries had been planned for the afternoon of May 13, preparatory moves for a *coup*

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that was to be effected only if news came from Paris that the demonstration had failed to secure a "strong" government. As things turned out, the mob rising on that day frustrated the whole purpose of the plot by robbing the *colons* of the "strong" (Bidault-Soustelle) government for which they had worked so hard. For, on hearing of the uprising, the National Assembly promptly invested Pflimlin (who might otherwise have been defeated) so as to have someone in office to cope with this new problem; and Pflimlin a few days later opened the door to de Gaulle—whose views on Algeria are far more "pro-Moslem" than those of even the most liberal of the parliamentary leaders whom the *colons* so dreaded! The rebels were caught in their own trap.

DURING the demonstration of May 13 a few isolated Gaullists had cried *"Vive de Gaulle!"* but without evoking any response from the crowds. De Gaulle was not mentioned in any of the early speeches by Salan and Massu. It was the resourceful Delbecque, now vice-president of the Algiers Public Safety Committee, who gave the movement a Gaullist orientation when, on May 15, it became clear that Salan was weakening and there was no sign of Pflimlin's resigning in favor of Bidault or Soustelle. Persuaded by Delbecque that only de Gaulle (who had just issued his first cryptic statement announcing his willingness to assume "the powers of the Republic") could now save the movement from defeat and disgrace, Salan appended a tentative *"Vive de Gaulle!"* to his next balcony speech. The following day Soustelle eluded a police guard round his Paris home to give the Public Safety Committee the experienced political leadership it lacked and assured it of de Gaulle's good will. Then, on May 19, at his press conference, de Gaulle himself revealed that he had no objection to trimming his sails to the gust they had stirred up.

Lagaillarde and his friends at that time said they considered de Gaulle's return to power only a "first step." Others took up this phrase when de Gaulle included Mollet and Pflimlin in his government, but neither Soustelle nor Bidault. "We've been deceived!" cried the more excitable members of the Algiers Public Safety Committee, and one of them told the crowd that assembled to hear de Gaulle's speech on June 4: "A great deal of rubbish is still clogging up the works. We intend to continue our effort until the government is wholly composed of new men." Delbecque indignantly announced over Algiers radio his intention of organizing Public Safety Committees throughout Metropolitan France in order to campaign for the total liquidation of the old parliamentary system. "One does not cross the Rubicon," he cried, "merely for a fishing party."

De Gaulle's June 4 speech and his subsequent attitude gave convincing evidence of his will to seek a reasonable settlement in Algeria; but the comportment of his audiences underlined once more the dangerous political immaturity of the European mob. The officers in the Public Safety Committee, led by General Massu, had campaigned hard during the previous fortnight for the granting of full civil rights to all Moslems—a policy the *colons* had fought all their lives, but to which they were now willing to pay lip-service. On reaching Algeria de Gaulle stressed clearly that this was his policy, that henceforth a Moslem's vote would have the same value as a European's, that in his view a Moslem's rights and dignity were in no way inferior to a European's. This was on a par with preaching the rights of Negroes in Johannesburg, Nairobi, or Shreveport, but he went even further: he paid tribute to the courage of the Arab guerrillas whom the Europeans had been conditioned for more than three years to regard as terrorists and thugs. His audience cheered themselves hoarse . . . but their cheers were for the emotive words with which his speeches were seasoned—honor, fraternity, dignity, courage—rather than their content. That the fraternity he was extolling was something remote from the *"fraternité française"* of the Poujadists, that the dignity in question was Mos-

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lem, and the courage that of Arab rebels—no one seemed to notice. Many of those present did not even bother to listen, shouting *"Algérie française"* over and over again like backward infants reciting a multiplication table. Their delirium was a vivid reminder of the threat this crowd could again represent, under the spell of a skilled demagogue, to Franco-Moslem understanding and what is left of France's democratic institutions. "Soustelle!" was the next commonest cry. On June 5, at Oran, de Gaulle thundered at the crowd, his voice and nerves fraying: *"Taisez-vous! Mais taisez-vous!"* ("Shut up!").

Meanwhile, back in Paris, the *colons'* mouthpieces, shaking off their stupor, began to point out that the liberal, federalist course de Gaulle favors for Algeria is not quite the solution the "patriots of May 13" had in mind. Other siren-voices on the right are urging the General to pursue the Algiers "revolution" to its logical end, terminate his compromise with the parliamentarians, ban all political parties, and dispense with the National Assembly (due to be recalled in October). One composite quotation can serve to sum up half a dozen right-wing comments published in the first half of June:

> The essential aim of the national revolution which began in Algiers is the maintenance of French grandeur and the replacement of parliamentary democracy by a hierarchical authoritarian regime. This is the will of Algiers, where hope and faith were reborn. And just as Algiers expresses the true will of France, so whoever or whatever opposes Algiers is anti-France.

De Gaulle's precise constitutional proposals have yet to be announced. The clues to his intentions furnished by his past are neither helpful nor inspiring. In the late 1930's he flirted with the *Action Française*. In 1943, asked for his views on the procedure to be followed for restoring parliamentary institutions in liberated France, he replied: "Do you still believe in such things?" In 1946, with democratic fervor at its height, he argued for a presidential regime on something like American lines. Today, although he could undoubtedly secure acceptance of a presidential regime if he wished, he appears to favor the retention of a Head of State with limited, largely symbolic, authority—on the existing Anglo-French model—and a separate chief executive (Prime Minister) with greatly strengthened powers. The Prime Minister would be chosen either by the Head of State or by a special electoral college: in any case Parliament's role would be diminished.

General de Gaulle's foreign policy offers fewer uncertainties. He has already assured interested diplomatic quarters, and the MRP and Socialist leaderships, of his fidelity to France's existing NATO and European commitments, though even in the absence of such assurances France's likely need of fresh credits before next winter would have tended to exert an inhibiting influence in the months to come. Of interest to Israel—and Britain—is the fact that the new Foreign Minister, M. Couve de Murville, is reputed to favor a more positive pro-Arab policy, once the Algerian problem is out of the way.

Could France under de Gaulle now become one of the more stable Western powers? It is just possible. If he fails to secure peace in Algeria and falls under the influence of the extreme right, the present Socialist leadership will probably be swept aside and the foundations laid for some kind of Popular Front. On the other hand, if de Gaulle holds out against reactionary pressure, pushes through a liberal settlement in Algeria, and disappoints those of his "sponsors" who desire the liquidation of democratic institutions in France, he will be in danger of being outflanked on the right. This is a threat he must live with, as a consequence of riding to power on an insurrectionary tide. One successful *coup* invites another. As Mendès-France is reported to have remarked: "If de Gaulle is France's Naguib, the man we must now look out for is Nasser."

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THE RECESSION HITS GARY, INDIANA

Smiling Through?

WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR. and VICTOR F. HOFFMANN, JR.

"I'M AN ingot buggy operator in a billet department. I got bumped out on Christmas Day. Boy! That was some Christmas!" Harry, a tall, slim Negro, smiled wryly and shifted his position on the car fender against which he was leaning. It was an unseasonably hot day toward the end of April. Since early morning the sun had warmed the concrete outside the Gary State Employment Office. Over on Broadway, Gary's main street, people from the world of business and commerce perspired in their winter clothing when they emerged from the air-conditioned stores and offices. But Harry and most of the others passing in and out of the building where they came for their unemployment compensation checks, dressed in the year-round cheap shirts and twill or denim trousers of the millhand, had simply left their jackets at home and rolled up their sleeves.

"I got two kids in school," Harry continued; there was no humor, in spite of the smile, in his thin face with its high cheekbones and hooked nose. "They come first. Almost all the unemployment benefits have gone for food and their clothes, 'ceptin' what's needed for payin' my house loan. I got a GI loan last year before I could see what was goin' to happen. I got to pay seventy-five bucks a month on that, and we just can't cut there. I've been getting sixty-two seventy-five a week with the supplement benefit. It's just always a tight squeeze day after day and week after week."

Although out of work for almost four months, he had not gone too far afield in search of new employment. Where else in the area was there to go? "I got some friends in Chicago," he explained, motioning vaguely toward the northwest, "and it sounds as if things is bad there, too. It just doesn't seem like it'd be worth trying some other place. But something sure needs to be done."

That attitude was widespread among the workers with whom we spoke. They had ceased to be hopeful; a "pick-up" had been promised for February, for March, for April—yet May had come and employment was still dropping. But no one was very angry, or so it seemed. With close to 15 per cent of the city's work force unemployed, with a third of those still working in the mills on short time—three days, four days a week—no one was agitating, there were no intemperate speeches or emotional outbursts against "the system." Most of the unemployed steel workers had been "skinning by" on their newly supplemented unemployment compensation, some of them also drawing upon savings of several hundred dollars, others picking up odd jobs here and there. Under the surface there might be fear, anxiety, tension, even hatred; but the surface remained calm.

Except for the long lines which fill the State Employment Office each day, there are few obvious signs of anything amiss in Gary. There are no soup kitchens, no squads of dirty and disreputable looking depression drifters wandering up from the railroad yards.

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The stores seem moderately busy, though it is hard to tell how many people are "just looking," and sometimes a big department store will display an almost uncanny emptiness during what should be a busy time.

If there is one pervasive symptom of the economic situation, it is the almost compulsive way in which people keep referring to the depression of the 30's. Whether they are trying to prove that things are not so bad, or to predict that things will get much worse, people in Gary, whatever their work or station, seem called upon to talk about "those days." A sandy-haired fellow, complete with duck-cut and levis, displayed both his youth and his relatively recent rural provenance by asking a group of idlers with whom he stood at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, "What's this here 'depreshun' these old coots keep talkin' about? Are we goin' to have another'n?" One of the "old coots," a man about fifty-five or sixty and built for survival, replied sharply: "I'll tell ya what we're atalkin' about! You're too much of a tadpole, kid, to remember. We didn't have nuttin' in those days, nuttin', nuttin' to eat. Nuttin'. That's the way it always is in a depression. Never really got out of it. Never really did."

Meanwhile, only a few hours before and a few blocks away, there had taken place the opening of Gary's latest pride and joy, a huge new carport. A small crowd gathered to watch the mayor cut the tape, to hear a high school band play, to cheer and occasionally heckle the local politicians as they were introduced, to receive the free miniature orchids distributed by the Downtown Merchants Association in honor of the occasion. The president of the Chamber of Commerce, Jorgen Anderson, spoke of progress and "the magnificent edifice here constructed." Mayor Mandich and City Controller Chacharis reminded the small audience witnessing the ceremony and the large one listening on the local radio that this was just part of their administration's plans for "a greater Gary." No one said a word about recession, unemployment, or the plight of the millhands, without whose continued purchases in downtown stores a new parking area would hardly be necessary.

So far the optimists, who generally belong to the middle and upper classes, have set the tone of the response to the recession in Gary. But fear boils just under the surface, and there are those who wonder how long the mood-engineers can succeed if the still awaited upturn doesn't soon arrive. In any case, some things have already happened to the citizens of this steel community which may leave it a somewhat different place even when furnaces now silent and dark again blast smoke and flame into the skies along the lake front.

A FRIEND of Harry's, also tall but much heftier, with just the beginning of a paunch, joined the conversation outside the employment office: "You know, you get used to living according to your salary. Now we ain't starving or anything like that, but it's sure hard. It means no recreation at all. You can't go out. There's nothing to do. I'd like to spend some time improving the house, but I can't buy materials. You sure have to be mentally sound at a time like this. It'd be awful easy to crack up. If it keeps on much longer some of us are going to have a hard time to keep from going to pieces."

He propped himself against a parking meter and continued in the soft monotone that apparently was his habitual speech. "It seems that there isn't hardly anything that doesn't cost money. At first I spent a lot of time watching TV, but now you hate to turn it on 'cause you're trying to cut down on electricity. Maybe I can get something on construction this summer, but there'll be a hundred guys for every job. I'll soon be out fishing, too, and every fish I catch or vegetable I raise in my garden is off the food bill."

To which Harry added, with obvious bitterness, "And if we don't get back soon *all* your eatin' may be outa your garden and the river!"

Here among these millhands one encounters the reality of the recession. It of course dominates the lives of those who have

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been laid off or put on short time, but concern for the future makes the recession a pervasive, though not always conscious, element in the lives of those who continue to work five days a week. Gossip reports that men with over ten years' seniority have been laid off. One short, balding man, waiting in a car for friends to move through the "thirty-three a week line," feared that he would soon be joining them. "I've worked at the open hearth for eleven years," he told us.

Because those with the least seniority are laid off first, the most recent arrivals to Gary—Negroes, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, "hillbillies"—and the youngest members of the work force generally, have so far borne the brunt of the cutbacks. Some who settled in the area within the past year or two have gone back home—to Kentucky, to Mississippi, even to Mexico—to weather the economic storm with their families, often farm folk to whom they had been sending money. One group of five from the same town in Tennessee take turns driving each other back to Gary once a week to pick up their unemployment compensation.

Most of those laid off have no such ingenious arrangements. One man from Kentucky, who had been out for five months, told us: "I came here because the mines where I worked closed down. Relatives, friends, and the like in Gary asked me to come here where jobs were regular. So here I am—no job, a hundred dollars a month for rent, and then there's the gas bills, groceries. Kids in school—I can't even pay for book rentals. I'm supposed to do all this on a lousy thirty-three bucks a week! My 'sub' is all messed up. I've not been able to see through that. I'm just falling back all the time, every week."

The Supplemental Unemployment Benefit Program, which most workers simply call "sub," was negotiated by the United Steelworkers as part of its last contract with the industry. It is one of the best ever hammered out by organized labor. Although extremely complicated in some of its procedures, it provides in essence for an integrated program of compensation for the unemployed worker in which payments from company-financed funds, along with the regular thirty-three dollars a week for twenty weeks from the state, give him the equivalent of 65 per cent of his "after-taxes, straight-time weekly wage." Such an amount makes "subsistence" a feasible idea for the worker who has been laid off.

However, the Indiana General Assembly, in an exuberantly anti-labor mood, not only passed a "right-to-work" bill but also legislated against the establishment of this integrated program. It did so with the consent of Governor Harold Handley, who had attracted many labor votes as a Republican "who understands the needs of organized labor." After the decision of the legislators, the union and the steel companies agreed by negotiation and through arbitration to "phase" the payments so that the worker could draw state compensation of thirty-three dollars a week for three weeks in a month, and then collect all he had coming from "sub" on the fourth, skipping his state payment that week. While diminishing the monthly payment by thirty-three dollars, this served to "stretch out" the state unemployment compensation payments. But then Indiana's Attorney General, Ed Steers, Jr., who is part of the powerful right-wing Republican group in Indiana, ruled that this procedure was not legal. Cases have been appealed to the review board of the Indiana Employment Security Division, and will probably go to court. It will be an interesting if unusual spectacle to see the United States Steel Company and the United Steelworkers of America filing briefs on the same side of a case.

MANY in Gary doubt that the style of optimism which the city's leaders have deemed it appropriate to adopt can be sustained if the spendable income of the unemployed takes a sharp drop. For an increasing number of millhands, state unemployment compensation itself is running out. The township relief load has skyrocketed; in six months the amount paid out doubled

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and the number of families receiving such aid more than quadrupled. Even Inland Steel, a remarkably strong and flexible firm located in nearby Indiana Harbor but drawing some of its employees from Gary, had finally begun large-scale layoffs just before we talked with the people in Gary. American Bridge, which turns out structural materials, was still running strong, but it stood alone in the steel industry as a justification for optimism. For the rest, there were only the vaguest sorts of predictions of an upturn "early this fall."

Nor will the end of the school year lend any great encouragement to the sanguine attitude that the city leaders wish to encourage. The working class youth of the Gary area have become accustomed to walking out of high school and into a job at the mills. They could look forward to expensive dates, cars of their own, and—if they wanted them—relatively early marriages. Although some local educators saw the mills as a lure which pulled many capable youths away from college, for substantial numbers the summertime job in the plant represented the difference between going on for more education or giving up the idea as "just a dream." A few alarmists see an upsurge in "juvenile delinquency" as a probable result of the sudden increment of young idle hands in the community. But no one worries about this too much since the summer season's pleasures—swimming, loafing, fishing, dating—should keep the youth busy, though the addition of the high school graduates to the ranks of the already bored young men who have been laid off may have an explosive potential.

This youngest contingent in the swelling ranks of the Gary unemployed may be suffering some shock, as well as getting some vague visceral insight into the "depression psychosis" of their parents, but they are not the hardest hit. "The ones I feel sorriest for," a long-time union officer told us, "are the fellows with just a few years' seniority. They're sick. You get the young married ones who purchased houses and cars and a lot of the things to make life more bearable. I don't think you could rightfully say that many of them went overboard. Why should they lose anything because of a man-made blunder?"

One of these, a stocky carrot-top appropriately called Red, had worked at the Big Mill for nearly four years—in the same department as his father. He can recall from childhood the almost worshipful image his parents had of Franklin Roosevelt just before American involvement in World War II. Red, with a wife and one child, was laid off in December. "We have to pay sixty-five bucks a month rent for a little flat that ain't worth it, but if the 'sub' stops I'll be out on the street." For him, too, the greatest strain so far has been the lack of anything to do, on top of the tensions of financial insecurity. "I don't even have a house to work on," he explained, "so I haven't been doing a damn thing. To tell you the truth, I just loaf. I've been coming downtown to loaf because it got kind of bad at home for me to be laying around there all the time. That's all life has been for me the past months—just time on my hands."

Which is harder on a marriage—a long strike or the recession—is a moot point in Gary. Sometimes the womenfolk grow angry with the men for staying out on a long strike, and during a strike there is no unemployment compensation. On the other hand, neither is there the inevitable comparison with those still at work in the mills, nor the fear that idleness could last on and on and on. During a strike there is at least the feeling that something may be gained from the loss of work and pay. Now there are no rallies, no symbols to give meaning to the situation, no speeches to explain what it's all about. All the slogans that you hear in Gary are of the "You Auto Buy Now!" variety. The tension and temperature mount together as Gary moves toward the beginning, in midsummer, of its second six months of recession.

On the same street as the State Employment Office, within a few blocks of it, are many of Gary's automobile dealers. Al-

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though repossessions have increased, most of the unemployed workers who can't meet their full payments are being "carried," in the same way as during a strike—some of them for the interest alone. Dealers speak enthusiastically about the response to their "You Auto Buy" campaign, and there is no doubt that sales have increased. However, no one is offering any figures comparing sales with, say, the same months last year, or giving the facts on profits and employment in the local auto sales business. Indeed, no one in a position to do so has made any effort to develop a reliable portrait of Gary's situation, without regard for the effect of the truth on local feelings and attitudes. Even the smaller businessmen seem to be following the lead of U.S. Steel in—as one of them put it—"sitting tight on information and not saying anything out loud." A local newspaperman, more concerned with news than the public's psyche, complained that not even his paper had obtained a "real, sober, and objective statistical job on what is happening in the Gary and Calumet regions."

One reliable source indicated that delinquencies on loans for such items as automobiles, personal expenditures, and the like are up almost 100 per cent over last year, and delinquencies on mortgages are up over 25 per cent. Yet among the business and professional classes of Gary, except for those hardest hit by the decline in millhands' purchasing power (such as those who own the "workingmen's stores" south of the Wabash tracks) the recession has lacked personal involvement and meaning. As much as the workers tend to recollect the Great Depression, the businessmen anticipate a Great Future. The most enthusiastic example of this came from Robert R. Statham, manager of the governmental affairs and tax research department of the Chamber of Commerce: "Gary will work this out. It always has. It is the most important section of America. It is the hub of the nation. Because of this it has a great future. The Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence Seaway projects will be of great benefit to us all. Our population is increasing. Our business and our commercial activities are up. Gary will move up."

From the relatively plush offices of the Chamber on the mezzanine of the Gary Hotel one looks out, mentally, upon a very different world than that viewed from the sidewalk outside the State Employment Office. Montgomery Ward broke ground last February for a new store building in the city. Humiston, Keeling and Company of Chicago only recently began a $1,500,000 project and investment on twenty acres of land at the southern end of the city. Many of the better retail outlets report surprisingly firm volume of sales, though this has been more true of soft goods such as clothing and foodstuffs than durables like furniture and household appliances.

Another businessman looked a block up the street from the Gary Hotel to the Gary National Bank for his economic weathervane. "We're in good shape!" he declared with the energetic and decisive air for which he is well known. "The Bank is in good shape. Nobody is about to make a run on that institution. It is solid and substantial. I'm sure they're doing okay over at First Federal, too. Things have to get a lot, lot tougher before we lose confidence in the general business community of Gary!"

Indeed, many depositors, both employed millworkers and members of the business and salaried groups, have been increasing their savings deposits in spite of the "You Auto Buy" campaigns. Leslie Singer, a bright young economist at Indiana University's Gary Center, asked a random sample of potential consumers what they would do with money "saved through tax cuts," if such materialize. While forty cents of each dollar, on the average, would go for debt repayments, almost twenty-seven cents would be consigned to bank accounts or savings bonds. (Some would be held for later spending, and somewhat less than half of the twenty cents apportioned, on the average, for immediate spending would go for more and better food.)

There is some irony in this conservative,

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savings-oriented reaction of residents of the Gary area, especially among those who are mill workers. Many of the business and commercial leaders have traditionally had the stereotype of the worker as shiftless and improvident, catered to by a union which was willing to undermine individual initiative by freeing members from any incentive to save for the rainy days of illness and old age. But today the worker who eyes the stormy skies of the economy and decides to hang on to what he has got in the bank, and to "stash away" even more just in case Gary's economic weather grows even worse, is undermining recovery. Nobody in Gary commercial circles preaches any longer that a "penny saved is a penny earned."

Until very recently many of these businessmen, most of whom are diehard Republicans, associated the idea of "spending your way to prosperity" with FDR, the New Deal, and Lord Keynes. Today, as recession optimists, they preach the psychology and economy of consumership: dollars must move fast and be used many times during a business day even if they have to be given away, or leased away, or shot away, or loaned away, or dumped away—but best of all they should be spent away. A Gary banker put it quite succinctly when he remarked, "Ben Franklin is dead." In the long run, this change in business ideology, if it persists, may be one of the most significant consequences of the recession.

Nevertheless, there is a minority of Gary business and commercial people who have doubts about the efficacy of what the manager of one large retail enterprise called "a kind of psychological pump-priming in the face of some depressing circumstances." Tall, athletic, genial, with a personality that fairly bristles with ruggedness, he is not very pleased to find his Chamber of Commerce colleagues sounding, to him, like the man who once declaimed, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself." A young financier rejected outright all claims that the optimistic mood was based upon or had produced anything tangible. "Business?" he snorted. "It's lousy! As a matter of fact, it stinks!" Even if his estimates approximate reality—that retail trade is down as much as 20 per cent along Broadway and in some stores "off Broadway" as much as 30 per cent—broadcasting such a view is considered poor taste at best, and at worst a sabotaging of the hopeful mood which is seen as the magic catalyst for producing recovery.

It was from several labor leaders, curiously enough, that we heard the sort of hard-headed "realism" that has usually been associated with businessmen. A union agent for one of the building trades crafts reminded us that the shortage of labor which had marked the Gary employment market until a year ago had forced many contractors to "go along with trouble-makers and nuisances" and to hold on to "men who had never learned their craft well and who weren't really serious about their jobs." Since seniority does not necessarily govern lay-offs in many of the trades, marginal and less desirable workers were now "getting their comeuppance." Nor have some of the labor leaders liked the way in which Gary has been a magnet for migrants from Tennessee and Kentucky and states farther south. They claim that too many of these men look for easy pickings on the job market and easy relief during lulls in employment. Certain labor officials have even warned social welfare agencies, in the accents of old-fashioned capitalism, that they are pampering the ne'er-do-well and maintaining a floating population of undesirables by continuing to expand their services. These labor leaders are glad to see some of the more recent settlers in Gary head back home.

The impact of the recession in Gary on the AFL has been rather milder than on the CIO. The building trades, especially, look forward to a fairly good summer in spite of some decline in home-building. The salaried people and many of the business people are expected to go ahead, after perhaps some delay for worrying, with their construction plans. "After all," one union leader pointed out, "a lot of these millhands use friends and relatives and their own time more than

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our people when it comes to building a house. Besides," he added, "it's not like it was back in the depression when I walked all the way into town from Glen Park to save a nickel or two. Now we have social security, supplemental unemployment benefits, state compensation funds, welfare and insurance programs. If these programs can keep millworkers and other workers buying, the building trades will do okay." He never mentioned mood or psychology.

But the concern of the AFL leaders for the plight of the millhands seems most often that of the largely detached observer who is involved only indirectly. They do not have the feeling of the Steelworker leaders of having been "torpedoed" by the state legislature. On the other hand, the AFL group feels especially threatened by some of the potentialities of the "right-to-work" legislation. For both groups the recession, the punitive attitude of the state legislature, and the McClelland committee's investigation of corruption in the unions have all somehow merged into a pattern of general hostility toward organized labor. Gary's Teamsters are, understandably, especially sensitive and complain about the Senate committee "playing with stacked cards," neglecting to investigate corruption on the side of management.

ALMOST in spite of themselves, certainly more because of the actions of Congress and the State Assembly and the economic situation than because of their own wishes and actions, the AFL and the CIO in Gary have been drawn a little closer together. Just as they share resentment against the local Chamber of Commerce for endorsing the "right-to-work" legislation, so they consider it hypocritical, if not ridiculous, for local merchants to ask workers to spend more in a time of declining employment. The recession consequences, direct and indirect, may be providing some of the leverage needed for achieving greater labor unity at the community level.

There is little doubt about the use organized labor will make of the recession during the forthcoming election campaigns. In private, some leaders suggest that the layoffs have had a "good educational effect on the rank and file." More than one recalled to us how he had long predicted that it would take "another depression" to "shake old Ike off his pedestal." In Gary today it is almost impossible to start an argument among millhands by attacking the President. No one will take his side. There is a widespread belief that the recession was deliberately created. The most charitable version is that "it got out of hand—it wasn't supposed to be nearly so bad."

But most of the labor leaders of Gary seem almost as far removed from the reality of the recession that we encountered on the sidewalk outside the employment office as the businessmen and merchants of Broadway. They, too, often seem to view it narrowly, from the standpoint of their organizational and political interests. Their concern is not so much for the unemployed individuals as for the consequences of unemployment for the union and its programs.

Perhaps this is inevitable at a time when "nobody's starvin'," as one unemployed steelworker remarked sarcastically. The unemployed and partly employed may suffer deeply from their anxieties and from the manifold psychological consequences of not having a job, but such effects lack the visibility of physical deprivation. No one can measure what has been lost from the future of both individuals and the community. As Red put it, "I wouldn't say that this has destroyed my future in any way. Not so far. Of course, my bank account is all gone and so are any big plans I had for this year or next."

For Red or Harry the problems of getting by each succeeding week preclude much concern over "next year." "Being without work," Harry told us when we were ready to leave, "gives a man too much time to think and hope. It's gotten so I hope too damn little and think too damn much!" We all laughed, then shook hands and said our goodbyes. When we glanced back from the corner, Harry was still leaning against the fender of the car.

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FOUR BOOKS ON ISRAEL

Some Reflections on Achievements and Problems

OSCAR GASS

ISRAEL'S achievement in its first decade has now been subjected to many assessments. The four books* presently under consideration were all written in English and printed in the United States or Great Britain. Their readership is likely to be largely Jewish, though not exclusively so.

In general, Western Jewish readers of books on Israel do not go to live in Israel. Their economic circumstances and personal career opportunities are better in the countries of their present residence. No ideal offered them by Israel is sufficiently compelling to overcome this differential in opportunity. Three ideals have been offered, in various combinations: Jewish nationalism, Israeli socialism, and Jewish religion. No one, and no combination of the three, currently makes an appeal which causes any significant number of Western Jews to be interested in emigrating to Israel. These are facts, not evaluations. Western Jews are not without community feeling, but this feeling does not reach to an affirmation of Jewish political nationalism. Israeli socialism (like the socialisms of other countries) today has its own crisis of policy thinking and leadership: it does not effectively attract Westerners. Jewish religiosity has many variations in the Western world as elsewhere, but no variant numerically important in the West today requires of its adherents a return to the restored Jewish state.

Where nationalism, socialism, and religion have not availed, bourgeois economics has also been ineffective. There was a time when it was believed by some that private business investments would facilitate the transition of important Jewish elements from the West to Israel. It should now be said honestly that this idea of creating a bridge for emigration (and an important aid to the development of the Israeli economy) through the establishment of foreign, Jewish, private enterprises in Israel, has failed. The handful of firms that stand as testimony to the contrary serve only to underline the basic position. United States Jewry, for instance, though largely a middle-class business community, has hitherto found no way to contribute significantly of its business skill and experience to Israel. The American Jewish community has made available a small part of its *resources*, through contributions and bond purchases, but that is quite another matter. In general, Western capital today needs exceptionally favorable circumstances, affording secure and high profits, to be able to participate actively in private enterprise anywhere in Asia. Israel has not yet found it possible to assure foreign private business ventures this exceptional security and high profits; therefore only a few have gone there. The fact of Jewishness has made a positive difference for a few foreign Jewish enterprises, but not a decisive difference for many.

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**The State of Israel*, by L. F. Rushbrook Williams; Macmillan, 229 pp., $4.50; *Bridgehead: The Drama of Israel*, by Waldo Frank; George Braziller, 220 pp., $3.75; *The Politics of Israel: The First Decade of Statehood*, by Marver H. Bernstein; Princeton University Press, 360 pp., $6.00; *The First Ten Years: A Diplomatic History of Israel*, by Walter Eytan; Simon and Schuster, 239 pp., $4.00.

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Recognition of the present considerable separateness—though not total separation—of the political, economic, and cultural fate of Western Jewry from that of the Jews of Israel is emotionally difficult for both sides. In fourteen years of acquaintance with Israel, I have heard only a few serious factual discussions of this issue. More commonly, the parties are aggressive or defensive. The voices stammer; eyes turn sideways. One conventional Israeli view is that every foreign Jew recognizes, if only half-consciously, his moral obligation to emigrate to Israel and, having that recognition, feels in the wrong for not emigrating: his life is mere slackness and love of comfort. For a Jew not to live in Israel is, in this view, a matter of guilt. But doubly guilty is he that emigrated *from* Israel, once having lived there. Here lies the most painful emotional center, and one which therefore almost never receives dispassionate study. Jewish emigration from Israel, since the establishment of the State, now (June 1958) totals perhaps 100,000 persons. In the two years 1956 and 1957 there were officially estimated to have been 126,000 Jewish immigrants and 22,000 Jewish emigrants. There are no serious published studies of this emigration, though such studies might be profoundly revealing of some of the deepest problems of Israeli society. Every country is significantly illumined by the light cast by its emigration. (Here is a subject to which a dispassionate research foundation could usefully devote a substantial grant.)

One advantage of the growing recognition of separateness is the practical disappearance of any desire by Western Jews to interfere in Israel's domestic affairs. Such a desire was never seriously entertained regarding political matters, and it has equally no place regarding economic ones. American Jewry makes contributions to Israel, or buys Israeli bonds, in general good will toward Israel, without attempting to control the particular uses for which the funds are employed. (Within limits, this attitude of American Jewry toward Israel may be recommended generally to the wealthier states in their dealings with underdeveloped countries!) Even if American Jewry makes available $150,000,000 a year to Israel, through gifts and bond purchases, this is a contribution of barely one per cent of its own income—hardly a basis for claiming control over the affairs of others. In any case, American Jews are not qualified by knowledge to participate in the making of important economic or development decisions in Israel.

It may nevertheless be true that, in the coming years, Western thought could have something to contribute to the resolution of some of Israel's public problems—not as of right and authority, but as of good will, knowledge, and judgment. If the knowledge and judgment exist. Unfortunately, only a handful of the books on Israel published during the past ten years make any contribution to a serious comprehension of Israel's problems. Most of the literature consists of uncritical plaudits to Israel's achievements; this befuddles its readers without assisting Israel in any important way. Even the more sincere Western writers are not sufficiently steeped in the Israel background to be safe guides for non-Israelis or to command respectful attention from Israelis. We have had a decade of books on Israel of interest chiefly to propagandists and booksellers. The subject attracts uninformed, pretentious writing as honey attracts flies.

THE many challenges that confronted Israel at the close of its War of Independence, late in 1948, may be brought together in four major problems: first, to create a political community; second, to achieve peace with Israel's neighbors; third, to earn a living; fourth, to sustain a modern culture.

To create a political community. Obviously not to foster a single, homogenous nationality, for alongside 760,000 Jews there were then 160,000 Arabs and others. Possibly not merely to foster two clear-cut nationalities since the Jews themselves consisted of many stocks, tongues, and cultures. Was all this to be melted down into a single national model? Failing unity, would differences of race, language, and culture form the basis

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for a complicated hierarchy of *de facto* privilege, mitigated by formal pronouncements of *de jure* equality?

In large part, the answer has now been given. Fear and emotional distance have conserved a pattern that still leaves, for the Arab, much to desire; he moves only slowly and uncertainly toward the role of an equal, though differentiated, member of the Israeli political community. For the various Jewish stocks, the pace is quite different. Racial and cultural distinctions persist but, for all who call themselves Jews, the direction of change is clear and rapid. It means that there is already in view a political community freely and ungrudgingly accepted by all its Jewish stocks and cultures. In moving toward this political community, the first decade of Israeli statehood achieved its greatest successes.

ANY political community is the more stable if it has a generally accepted pattern of social adjustments. I had almost written "a working pattern of social justice." The generality of acceptance rather than the philosophical justice is the issue. In this matter, Israel is far from the United States, with our placid, inarticulate consensus on all fundamental issues—except perhaps on the position of the Negro. Israel is far even from the British situation where the clash of an avowedly socialist party with an avowedly capitalist one takes place within the framework of a broad consensus involving only marginal differences on important issues: the substantial differentiation of compensation with skill; the limited place of labor in industrial management; the recruitment of entrepreneurship through a defined ladder of privilege and education. In England even the scope of state enterprise and the continuing role of private property are only in marginal dispute. No such consensus exists in Israel: kibbutz and Histadrut corporations are defended and attacked at the root. Private enterprise fares similarly. The place of state industries and public corporations lacks general definition. Differential compensation for skill is hotly attacked and defended, in very principle. These fundamental differences in social outlook have not been composed during this first decade —no more in Israel than elsewhere in the world, less in Israel than in some other countries.

To achieve peace with Israel's neighbors. This is clearly not something to be done by one side. Many thought it best for Israel to achieve independence through fighting, and not by gift of the United Nations; for then the Arab peoples would be convinced that in Israel they were confronted by real power and not a paper state; being realists, they would be content to live at peace. So it fell out—so far as the fighting was concerned. But the conviction did not follow, neither did the realism or the peace. The fighting was hardly over when Arab opinion began to tell itself that the Arab forces had never been defeated by little Israel. That would indeed be too crushing! The defeat had been engineered by a conspiracy of great powers. One fair fight and Israel would be destroyed! So again, though perhaps with less confidence, eight years later, after Suez. Israel could be destroyed, Israel must be destroyed! And on the Israel side also, let us say it honestly, no unanimous benevolent desire for peace on earth, good will to men. The most extreme Israeli faction has wanted to drive all Arab authority out of the area west of the Jordan, while more moderate quarters aimed at "rectifications": the Gaza strip, Latrun, the Old City of Jerusalem, other pinching areas. Let only the great powers mind their own business, and Israel would manage things in relation to the Arabs! On the whole, sober Israeli sentiment has been willing to make concessions to achieve the recognition that would be involved in a peace settlement, but the policy of the Arab states has gradually crystallized into a total rejection of peace, which now seems farther away than at the end of 1948.

To earn a living. Here there has been neither unqualified success nor failure; the hardest problems are still to confront. Where some 760,000 Jews lived at the end of 1948, there were a million more at the beginning

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of 1958, and their average level of consumption had risen sharply. The recorded population of Arabs and others had also risen from 160,000 to about 213,000, and they too were better off. Yet the economic basis remained fragile. In 1957 the national income was the equivalent of roughly $1 billion, but this billion was supplemented by about $350 millions of "unrequited imports." Israel received from abroad an increment of about 35 per cent to its own production in 1957, *without paying for this 35 per cent.* The unearned increment was essential to the whole structure because it paid for the import of materials without which Israel's economy could not function on its present basis: the fuel, the agricultural raw materials, and the industrial raw materials. Withdraw the unearned $350 million, and a large part of the earned $1 billion would also collapse. Unfortunately Israel did not find it possible to use all of its import surplus for net investment. The demands of defense, of immigrant services, and of consumption were too great. In the years 1950-56, about 80 per cent of the import surplus was utilized for net investment. Indeed net investment reached its peak in 1951. Less than 73 per cent of the import surplus was used for net investment in 1956, as compared to 84 per cent in 1951. It is worth noting that 1956 was the year of Sinai and Suez.

As the first decade drew toward its close, it was possible to observe an increasing realism in Israeli appraisals of the country's economic problem. The *mystique* of S'de Boker should not mislead: every sensible Israeli knows that the agricultural future of the country rests with the land north of Beersheba, and still more with workshop and factory. Israel will be a successful industrial country, or it will be a huge charity ward.

Sober Israeli thinking was aware, at the end of the first decade, that the community was very far indeed from earning its own living. Moreover, the standard of living demanded by the public was no less than Israel could provide with all its "unrequited imports." Here was perhaps a failure of political leadership. What would happen when German reparations came to an end? Or if United States grants diminished sharply? Could anybody reconcile the working classes to a lower standard of consumption? Would a more austere economy induce more professional emigration? What domestic political changes would come over Israel if external aid were to diminish sharply without domestic productivity being able to provide the same standard of living? These were among the questions that troubled serious minds.

To sustain a modern culture. This is the most delicate matter and the one most easily misunderstood. Who has not heard of the Israeli public's love of music? And where can one gain a hearing for a critical word on Israeli education? Yet even this holy of holies must be entered, and then what is found inside is not an unqualified record of success. I have heard an Israeli leader (and he not the least wise) argue that Israel needs a Jewish population of 4,000,000 to permit the emergence of that variety of talents without which the Israel community might come to appear, to its most cultivated sons and daughters, bare and narrow and unrewarding. Yet the same man was indifferent to the problem of providing free secondary education or a broad ladder of scholarships for higher education. There is a strain of anti-intellectualism, particularly in the outlook of spokesmen for the Israeli labor movement, and that movement is—and will remain—the dominant public force in the country. Anti-intellectualism affects labor's attitude towards skills, professions, industries, sciences, and the arts. A strange twist in the history of the People of the Book! The leadership of Russian Communism has, in this decade, set more value on higher education than has the leadership of Israel's democratic labor movement.

II

One would not gather this from the first of the four books under consideration. Mr. L. F. Rushbrook Williams is one of those visitors to Israel for whom all Jews are students of books and lovers of wisdom. He

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is identified on the publisher's dust jacket as a professor, a former Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and for many years a member of the editorial staff of the *Times* of London. These are strong credentials. A reader might well rely upon them. Regrettably, in this case, the reader should not, for Mr. Williams is an inaccurate guide. Moreover, he has been bowled over by his Israeli mentors. The thoughtful Israeli reader is in no danger: he will recognize, in almost every chapter, the commonplaces of local propaganda. But the foreign reader, for whom primarily Mr. Williams writes, may need a word of caution.

Mr. Williams is not to be trusted even in small things. He states that ". . . right up to the end of the Mandatory regime, there were never fewer than three Arabs to every Jew." The official Mandatory figures state that, at the end of 1946 (about sixteen months before the end of the Mandatory regime) there were *two* settled Arabs for every Jew: 1,203,000 Arabs, 608,000 Jews, and 35,000 others. Mr. Williams reports that Mandatory Palestine had a rail connection with the Hejaz, in the Arabian Peninsula. This report is mistaken—though it is indeed an unkindness that the Mandatory administration should have used the name "Hijaz Railway" for a line that did not reach the Hejaz. Mr. Williams asserts that the Migdal Gad pre-stressed concrete pipes are not only more durable but also "stronger" (i.e. presumably able to bear greater pressure) than steel; he is in error. Among the more recent enterprises established in Israel, he records "a large diesel motor factory"; alas, this is yet only an idea, not a factory. He says "There are now between four and five hundred undertakings connected with the chemical industry, all based more or less directly on the Dead Sea works . . .: on the phosphate quarries: and on the by-products of the petroleum refineries. . . ." Not to speak of four hundred undertakings so based, I would challenge the Professor to name fourteen.

From easily demonstrable errors of fact, one passes over insensibly to the realm of judgment. Mr. Williams finds that ". . . the Jewish conscience is by no means content to see that the Arab community enjoys to the full the equal rights which the constitution accords: there is a continual and active demand for what can only be called specially-favoured treatment for the Arabs." This is a matter on which the Jewish conscience has more than one troubled hour. Does the simple assurance of Mr. Williams reflect mere lack of acquaintance with the facts or moral obtuseness? That the former is the difficulty seems indicated by much else of what Mr. Williams writes, for instance, "Arab families are often to be seen in their own cars; and these people are not wealthy landlords, but peasant proprietors." But Mr. Williams also reports that the population of the United States was built up "by something like scientific selection of the racial elements of its own choice"—thereby, in a single phrase, ignoring three centuries of free immigration. It is apparently not only Israeli facts that Mr. Williams outlines with a broad stroke. In general, his survey will be safe reading only for those who do not need it.

MR. WALDO FRANK toured Israel in 1957 and he refers also to a visit thirty years earlier. His is a slight book, reflecting no specialist knowledge of Israel, but what he writes is dignified by independence of judgment. He does not figure in the numerous, wearisome, unproductive troop of "pro-Israel" propagandists. And, in one chapter, "Of The Arts," he has contributed a really distinguished essay, sure in judgment, simple and apt in expression.

Mr. Frank felt fear in Arab Nazareth, and he does not refrain from saying so. Having visited Nazareth at least twenty times for Mr. Frank's one, and not having felt fear, I nevertheless honor Mr. Frank for expressing what he did feel. He found arrogance and lack of human sympathy in characteristic Israeli attitudes toward the Arab peoples, and he does not hide his disappointment and concern. To him, Beersheba was quite unremarkable and very like undistin-

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guished small towns in Venezuela, Mexico, Morocco, or Spain (in contrast to Mr. Williams who finds it appropriate to call Beersheba "the Paris of the Negeb"). He makes his own assessments of a series of Israeli public figures, and though these assessments do not always reach to the root—he does not know his subjects well enough for that—he seems always to be trying to search out what is of the essence; and he is never sycophantic.

Visual and dramatic artistic production in Israel, Mr. Frank finds both abundant and insipid. (He says nothing of music.) "Distinguished in Israel," he says, "is the prevalence of the arts, the common respect for them as objects of use, and their common lack of distinction." The dramatic technique of the Habimah reminds him of a muscle-bound athlete—what others have thought but rarely dared say. For the evaluations with which this short chapter is sprinkled, one can forgive Mr. Frank much—even his appreciation of Israeli wine.

Much but not everything. There is a streak of the pretentious in Mr. Frank's work which affects small things and great, and it disfigures the book badly. First an example of the small: Mr. Frank apparently knows little or no Hebrew, and it is not essential that he should, but why then must he sprinkle his text with Hebrew words? Thus he treats the reader to a rhapsody on the mystic significance of the Hebrew word *kfar,* which he mistranslates as mount or mountain; obviously he means to be using the word *har.* (How could any serious publisher's reader have missed this?) Later he uses the word *moshvei* without its complement *ovdim,* where the interjection of the Hebrew word adds nothing, but the incompleteness suggests the quite unimportant point that the author does not know Hebrew. Unfortunately a little hodgepodge with Hebrew is not the worst. Many a prospective reader will not get through Mr. Frank's "Foreword," and many more will stumble and fall away in his first chapter "Geography and Revelation." The publisher has given Mr. Frank big black type, and the author has a weakness for big words reinforced by capitals. There is an old theory that the unity of the desert suggested the idea of a single deity to a reflective mind. Mr. Frank somehow finds that the chopped-up geography of Palestine also presses on the mind the concept of cosmic unity and a single creator. He expresses this thought in the following manner: "Every moment, every spot, every deed in the working day of herdsmen and traders bares the vastitude of Being, because the Whole is always physically present; bares, therefore, by an easy transition the Hand that made it. . . ." and much more in the same vein. But this is by no means the worst. In his Foreword, Mr. Frank assures the reader magisterially: ". . . the machines of Christian Europe, as I have elsewhere shown, spring ordinately from Israel's culture as it wedded with the Greek." The machines of Europe do not, in any meaningful sense, spring—"ordinately" or any other way—from Israel's culture; to assert this is to confuse understanding and to give a needless sop to vanity. There are unfortunately scores of such grandiloquent passages in Mr. Frank's book—particularly at its opening and close.

WHAT Mr. Marver H. Bernstein has written in evaluation of Israel's first decade of statehood is to be taken much more seriously than what is contained in the books by Messrs. Williams and Frank. Mr. Bernstein seems not profoundly steeped in the Israel background, and the Israeli reader will be sensitive to this; but he has studied Israel public life assiduously, in all its ramifications; he has asked many searching questions and filled a good number of notebooks; he has arranged his material in an orderly manner, so that it gives a useful introduction to Israel's political machinery and to some of its important public problems; and he makes a stab at covering the economic scene as well as the more traditional sphere of politics. He is sometimes misled, but he is not to be had for any indiscriminate cheering section.

Mr. Bernstein's conclusions, on Israel's political accomplishment in its first decade,

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are in general affirmative, but he reaches these conclusions after some rough moments. For example, in regard to budgets and civil service procedures, he says: "Somewhat perversely, the Israel Government appeared to continue some of the worst features of Mandatory practise and to reject the more useful ones." In describing the civil service of Israel more particularly, he adds: "The behavior of minor officials serving the public has often been marked by discourtesy and by a concept that the citizen exists to serve the bureaucrat." And in dealing with a more serious matter, economic accomplishment, he summarizes to the effect that Israel ". . . has been able to support a standard of living based on egalitarian welfare principles not justified by its earnings from productive enterprise." He finds, in Israel government and society, no constitutional protection for basic freedoms; undue intrusion of organized religion; disquieting pervasiveness of partisan politics; and an overhanging threat from military requirements. But these things do not determine the decision in his balance. Decisive is the emergence in Israel of a reasonably stable and free society.

THE strongest parts of Mr. Bernstein's book are his chapters 6 and 10 and 11, which deal with administrative questions. The weaker parts are the treatment of the social, cultural, and ideological background. The economic chapters are betwixt and between, with some valuable information, but rarely reaching to the heart of matters. To several large questions Mr. Bernstein has given quite inadequate treatment. First among these is the extent to which Israel society and government have been shaped by the military obligations of citizens and the military claims on national resources. Second is the actual content and color of Israeli socio-political conflicts and programs; Mr. Bernstein's description of the Israeli political parties does not supply this need, and in fact that description is one of the dullest and least effective sections of his book. Third is the position of the Arab minority and the movement toward full equality of Oriental ("black") Jews. I cannot myself get excited specifically about Mr. Bernstein's concern over the absence of constitutional safeguards for fundamental individual freedoms in Israel. Challenges to individual freedoms in Israel today come principally from the tradition of personal reprisals in a small, closely knit society; from the power of the military; from fear of the Arab minority; and from indulgence of religious authority over non-religious persons. Israel's political leadership today is too decent to permit anything like the vulgar McCarthyism of the United States or even the many subtler oppressions that have survived McCarthy.

A number of minor slips may weaken confidence. The author says that Israel will have no important source of hydroelectric power until it develops "the Jordan River channel"; the Jordan will also supply little power and none at all *net* over the requirement for the immediately related water pumping. It will not do to list "grain" among the products that pre-war Jewish agriculture overemphasized. The Negev is, alas, *not* known to be rich in copper, despite King Solomon. Somebody has spoofed the author into listing 1955 election expenditures, with increasing assurance, as a significant cause of price inflation. The text greatly exaggerates the apparent improvement in the balance of payments between 1951 and 1954; the related real accomplishment is even more dubious as net investment fell more than the balance of payments improved. (There are a number of similar slips which I omit because their correction requires more discussion.) The above are matters of fact—or nearly so. What is one to say, however, when Mr. Bernstein quotes another author with approval, who writes: "The besetting sin in Government offices is still overwork." This really destroys one's confidence! In how many Israel government offices has Mr. Bernstein sat and watched the work? or worked late himself and had the office for himself, the Minister, and the scrubwomen? The low tempo and quantity of work in Israel—in office and factory and field—consti-

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tute serious problems for a country that aspires to a high standard of living. If Mr. Bernstein cannot help bring out the facts, he should not hinder by repeating unfounded commonplaces.

Again the author says, "The organization of industry and agriculture has not been conducive to productive efficiency." This is really too magisterial! Then, ten pages later, he gives a sketch of agricultural growth and does not mention any organizational shortcoming he would correct. Similarly, we are told, "In manufacturing, employees are concentrated in very small factories with rather limited equipment, unsatisfactory management, and weak financial resources." Let us grant what Mr. Bernstein contends about management and finance, but not about size and not at all about equipment. On the contrary, Israeli factories are characteristically very well equipped, if not by the highest standards of the United States, then certainly in comparison with the most productive countries of Western Europe. Such sentences raise the thought that Mr. Bernstein's knowledge is narrower than the scope of his book. On balance, however, what he has written does go on the small shelf of books regarding contemporary Israel that are worth having.

MR. WALTER EYTAN, the Director-General of the Foreign Ministry of Israel, has also written a book that deserves to be read. It is unfailingly sensible, sometimes sharply pointed in judgment, economical in language, with a touch of humor and a few descriptions of individual incidents that should not be missed. Such is the account of the Egyptian-Israeli armistice negotiations at Rhodes in 1949; such also the picture of the negotiations with Jordan at Shuneh; less vivid, but equally important, the glimpse of Nehru's personal diplomacy in search of leadership for India in the Moslem world.

He can speak with the short, uncompromising voice of Israeli nationalism. "The proposal [for stationing UN troops also in Israel territory] was unacceptable to Israel, UNEF having no mandate on the Israel side of the border." But generally he is wiser, even when equally pointed. So ". . . the term 'peace' has been all but taboo in the United Nations' dealings with the Arab states, for fear of causing offense; and for the same reason the Great Powers have, in this context, mostly been careful, too, to avoid use of so embarrassing a word." Alas, the simple truth. He is equally sharp in assessing the accomplishment of the Palestine Conciliation Commission: ". . . the Commission pushed the Arabs along the path of extremism, from which, spurred also by other forces, they have never since looked back." The dispassionate historian of the future will not conclude differently.

Even in a short book of this kind, every reader will have his favorite chapters. Mine are the first two dealing with the years 1948-49, and Chapter 5 on "Israel and Her Neighbors." The description, in Chapter 5, of the Arab boycott is particularly good; best of all is Mr. Eytan's analysis of the dim present prospects of any peace settlement between Israel and its Arab neighbors. He rightly emphasizes how little effort—and how little thought—the great powers invested in securing a firm settlement even in the earliest years, when the U.S. and the USSR were ostensibly united on Israel. And he correctly underlines the total lack of interest on the part of all Arab political leaderships in reaching a peace settlement now. He concludes: "The current international situation, with its interplay of mighty forces, offers no prospect of the Arabs' changing their attitude—nor any reason, from their point of view, why they should." Yet for all Mr. Eytan's merits, he has some curious omissions. The greatest positive factor in the international economic picture during Israel's first decade was the accord with West Germany in favor of Reparation and individual Restitution, which will bring Israel perhaps $1,250,000,000. Mr. Eytan mentions the whole matter only incidentally, in connection with the failure of an Arab boycott threat. A similar, though less sizable, fact was the receipt by Israel of over a half-billion dollars in United States government aid.

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Mr. Eytan barely alludes to the phenomenon and gives no indication of its magnitude or impact. An enthusiastic paragraph is devoted to Franco-Israel amity, but its background is not explained.

One qualification should be expressed: the book carries the subtitle "A Diplomatic History of Israel." The word "history" is unfortunate. The Director-General of a Foreign Ministry cannot write a history of the diplomacy of his country for the decade terminating on the day he writes. His publication has rather the character of the informal statement of the views of his Ministry; it cannot have any other character. It is to Mr. Eytan's credit that he has stated the views of his government sensibly, persuasively, and even charmingly, but he has not written history. He has had to omit, to adjust his emphasis, and to make a case. Thus, in describing the April-May 1948 United Nations discussions on trusteeship over Palestine, he fails to mention the degree of indulgence with which temporary trusteeship was regarded, for a time, by at least one Minister of Israel. He also fails to refer to the fortunes of war or the arrival of arms as in any way influencing Israeli attitudes toward the successive truces in 1948, and he never adverts to British interventions to assist the Arab forces after May 14, 1948; this is sensible current politics, but it is not history. He finds it "unthinkable" that Israel should have any other capital than Jerusalem, though more than one Minister did in fact think of other places. His account of the Kibya border raid is a temperate statement of Israel's views, but again it is not history, while the brief reference to the withdrawal from Sinai barely overlaps with the work of a historian.

III

CHARACTERISTIC of all four of these books is the note of warmth and involvement that comes through—even from Mr. Bernstein's work, and his is the most restrainedly academic. Why not? Warmth is no obstacle to understanding. Distance teaches no wisdom. Coldness provides no insight into the forces that have made Israeli history in this decade. One of the great historians of our time, Lucien Febvre, has remarked that coldness is indeed a sign, the sign of death. These books are not dead.

Beyond warmth, there is something more —a tendency to indulgence. A second time, why not? So long as indulgence does not becloud vision. I recall thinking, as I walked last in the lower town of Haifa, "What would I do if I had chanced to be born an Arab in Israel? What would I do in this, as it then was, ninth year of Israel independence? How would I live? I would go away. But where would I go?" One can have the same conversation with oneself any day now on the streets of Washington, imagining oneself a Negro, ninety-odd years after the end of the Civil War. Again, as a professional economist, it has not always been easy for me to develop an unqualified admiration for the economic policy of Jerusalem. But how does one measure it against the economic wisdom of Washington? Has there been more understanding, each of its own problems, during this decade, in the Treasury of Israel or in the Treasury of the United States? There is no easy answer, but it is certain that Israel's problems were the harder, and no shining talent was brought to bear on those of the United States.

No one who has known Israel during the past ten or fifteen years but has felt deeply, if only passingly, at some time since 1948, that the heroic age was over and the age of the commonplace now installed: no more illegal immigration, no more underground defense, no more clandestine arms purchases, no more unity in a common historic effort. Instead, the prose of daily work, and details, and divisions. But the contrast of a heroic past with a commonplace present is surely false. Only the primitive simplicities have passed away. The present demands the more subtle judgment, the more skillful effort, and the more devoted leadership.

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A FIRST-CENTURY JEWISH SAGE

The Life and Teachings of Rabbi Joshua ben Hananiah

JOSHUA PODRO

"SINCE Rabbi Joshua died, good counsel has ceased in Israel" (Sotah 49b). This was a contemporary opinion of the value of Rabbi Joshua ben Hananiah's leadership and the effect of his death on the Jewish people.

Born in Pontius Pilate's procuratorship, he lived under thirteen emperors, some crazier than others, but almost all of them gods in their own eyes: Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, Vittellius, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Narva, Trajan, and Hadrian. A competent Greek scholar, he knew not only his own people but their enemies. He may well have realized how vulnerable the Roman Empire was to concerted attack, for not only the Jews but the Parthians and the German barbarians were watching for an opportune time to strike. Yet Joshua struggled with the people against the temptation to revolt. He belonged to a school founded by Hillel, which taught that the public good must be considered in terms of the misery or happiness of individuals. The Hillelite motto, "Seek peace and pursue it" (Psalm 24:14), amounted in the present context to the preaching of non-resistance, and Joshua declared himself for peace when the provocation to take up arms was almost irresistible. He gained the title of "good counselor" and, indeed, no one so truly translated into everyday action Hillel's humanitarian principles. He was an enemy of foolish piety, of hypocrisy, of visionary fanatics who tried to negate the values of this world by harping on the next. He opposed the imposition of additional ceremonial and legal burdens because the people might find them hard to bear. He did not, however, attempt to make life easier for himself.

While already famous as the outstanding religious authority of his generation he continued to work in an atmosphere of smoke and soot, earning a meager living as a smith. He was at the same time an eloquent defender of the Jewish faith before the outside world. If he lived frugally, it was because he would not "use the Torah as a coronet" or as a "spade with which to dig" (Aboth I. 13; IV. 7).

Rabbi Joshua was the representative of a universalist Judaism which combined the prophetic with the Rabbinical outlook, and without inner contradiction. He believed in Judaism as a universal religion in which room could be found for all humanity. The doctrine of racial purity did not impress him. His attitude toward the admission of proselytes to Judaism was a revolutionary one. He argued that the circumcision was not necessary, only baptism (Yebamoth 46a). Whether he made this statement mainly to take some of the sting from Paulinist propaganda is a matter for speculation, but he certainly made the most liberal concessions to all foreigners who wished to meet under the "wings of the Shechinah."

Joshua converted the Emperor Hadrian's nephew, Aquilas. Whereas Eliezer the Shammaite distrusted prospective proselytes and became impatient at their questions, Joshua showed the patience of his master Hillel when confronted with those who came to scoff but stayed to learn. Aquilas did not come to scoff, but he might have been lost to Judaism but for Joshua's sympathy and friendship (Koheleth Rabbah VII. 8).

Like Yohanan ben Zakkai, his master, whom he carried in a coffin, disguised as dead, through the Roman lines around

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THE author of this account of one of the most enlightened spirits of post-prophetic Judaism is the distinguished co-author, with Robert Graves, of *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* and *Jesus in Rome*. JOSHUA PODRO was born in Ciechanow, in Russo-Poland, and has been devoted all his life to the study of the origins of Christianity from the Jewish point of view. Mr. Podro served in the Jewish Legion in the First World War. He lives in London.

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Jerusalem, Joshua was prepared to be misunderstood and called a traitor in his efforts to avoid suffering. He realized that the Jews had to live with other nations, and he set himself to reduce bitterness and international discord.

Though one of the greatest figures of post-prophetic Judaism and, under Trajan and Hadrian (until the outbreak of the Bar Kokeba war), factually the leader of all Israel, Joshua is little known to non-Jewish historians. Not a single adequate biography of him exists. The references to him—as an authority, an opponent, or a witness—in both Talmuds, Sifre, Sifra, Mekilta, and other Midrashim occur in connection with subjects with which he was in many cases only incidentally concerned. Most of these references are only indirectly biographical, and cite opinions rather than events, yet we catch an occasional glimpse of his personal life from them. I have here tried to fit his life's story together from the scattered fragments. This has involved a reconsideration of the chapter in Jewish history with which his name is associated.

JOSHUA was born, probably in Jerusalem, about the year 35 C.E. He was a Levite, and he himself records that he sang in the Temple choir (Arakin 11b). Since a Levite could not have taken part in the Temple service before the age of thirty, he must have reached that age by 67 C.E. Nothing is known of his father, but it may be assumed that he served in the Temple in one of the many trades and professions open to Levites, who worked as masons, potters, carpenters, doorkeepers, singers, money-changers, butchers, musicians, and so on. It is said that Joshua's mother used to bring him in his cot to the Beth Ha-Midrash so that his childish ears should become habituated to the sound of the Torah. Though perhaps figuratively intended, this is not a posthumous legend but a story told by a man older than Joshua himself, his colleague, Dosa ben Horkinas (Jer. Yebamoth I.6).

Joshua's childhood must have been spent in an atmosphere of continuous complaints against the High Priestly families, to whom the Temple service was now a mere formality. Their way of life resembled that of any aristocracy anywhere; scarcely involved with the life of the people, they were allied politically and economically with the Roman invaders. Joshua may well have been sent to a Pharisaic school at a very early age; certainly his later education was given him by men who had openly declared war against the "rulers of the Temple." The war was fought mainly in the lecture hall. The Pharisees taught the people not to depend on their priests for theological or even ecclesiastical service. In the 1st century the Pharisees spoke with authority on all vital matters of doctrine and Scriptural interpretation, while the priests' domain was limited to such matters as animal sacrifice, the diagnosis of leprosy, and the collection of tithes.

The thirty-odd years of Herod's rule—when most political activity was driven underground—had given the Pharisees an opportunity to work among the people, teaching them to read, to pray, and even to study. By the time Herod died the Pharisees had won a powerful hold over great numbers of Jews, and by the time of Joshua's birth, forty years later, education was almost wholly in their hands. Despite their economic and social disadvantages, the active left wing of the Pharisees, namely the Hillelites, were not only more numerous but more influential than the Shammaite right wing, who came from a richer part of the community. A spontaneity of approach, an unconcern with the dignities of rank, and, above all, a love of peace for the people's sake are implied in the Hillelite view.

Rabbi Joshua inherited this tradition from Rabbi Yohanan ben Zakkai, who often quoted the words of the prophet: "Not by arms, not by power, but by My spirit" (Zechariah IV.6). Rabbi Yohanan was Hillel's youngest disciple, but the fact that the Pharisees offered him their leadership at the death of Hillel's grandson, Gamaliel, suggests that he was also the worthiest.

The rigid discipline which later controlled the relations of master and disciples seems to have been unknown in his day: Yohanan treated disciples as friends and equals, praising them without stint when he saw the orchard in which he had labored beginning to bear fruit. He greatly encouraged the art of debate. Skillful debating was a necessity at this period: the Pharisees must "know how to answer the Epicurean" (Aboth II.14). Disruptive forces threatened

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not only from outside, but from within; many parties and sects claimed to possess the whole truth, and each treated the others as impostors. The smaller the sect, the larger its claim, the more vociferous its argument, the more insolent its attitude toward the rest of Jewry. A skillful debater himself, Yohanan trained his disciples to become defenders of the faith in accordance with the teachings of Hillel. Here Joshua emerged as his most capable pupil. Endowed with a dry scholarly humor, conversant with several languages, he was later to debate with Agnostics, Christians, Epicureans, Gentile philosophers, and potentates, including even the Emperor Hadrian. But it is in Joshua's formulation of attitudes to the problems of living, drawn from his interpretation of Judaism, that his true importance lies.

When new religious doctrines were aired before him, he showed none of the petulance that would have been expected from his contemporary, Rabbi Eliezer, but always said simply: "This must be an innovation of the scribes, and I have no comment to make" (Kelim III.7). Rejecting the "other-worldly" movement of those days, he looked upon life in this world as an important field of action, not without joy, and belonging to the "children of men." Pain and suffering were real, and he made it his task to reduce them wherever possible. He was, as I have said, against the imposition of new duties or restrictions upon the Jews: "Do not put on the people more obligations than they are capable of bearing" (Baba Bathra 60b).

Unlike his predecessors, he felt that there was a pressing need to prevent from hardening into law what had been originally only theoretical speculation or optional practice. Previously, the need had been to adapt the written law to changed social conditions by oral commentary; now this commentary had led to excessive control and needed a less rigid restatement. Thus in matters of Halachah, Rabbi Joshua was the leader of the "lenient" as opposed to the "strict" teachers. His opinion on the Rabbinic laws relating to vows, for example, was that ". . . the laws on Sabbath, Feasts, and Desecration of Holy Things have little Scriptural authority: many Halachahs are like mountains hanging on hairs with nothing on which to support themselves" (Tos. Hagigah I.9).

Extremism, both during and after the war against the Romans, was the curse of the nation. On one hand stood the remnants of a defeated and embittered Jewish army; on the other, numerous mutually hostile sects, each making extravagant claims. Among these was the sect called "Christian" in Antioch, whose members began to claim that they were the real Chosen People and all others worthless leavings, and who vied in piety with the Essenes and the other apocalyptic groups engaged in continuous prayer and in other "other-worldly" practices. But Rabbi Joshua reminded the people that they had work to do—"Six days *shalt* thou labor" —and had no right to abandon their normal occupations. Though not wishing to belittle the importance of Scriptural study, he suggested that "if one studies two Halachahs in the morning and two in the evening, it is counted as if one had fulfilled the whole of the Torah" (Mekilta Beshallah).

He commented icily on those who indulged in excessive fasting and mourning:

> Our Rabbis taught: "When the Temple was destroyed for the second time, ascetics who would not eat meat or drink wine increased in Israel: Rabbi Joshua approached them, saying: 'My sons, why do you neither eat meat nor drink wine?' They replied, 'How could we eat meat when it was once sacrificed on the Altar which has now ceased to be?' He replied 'In that case let me refrain also from bread because the meal offerings have ceased.' They replied 'Yes, we could live by eating fruit.' Joshua said: 'No, we should not eat fruit because the offering of first fruits has also ceased.' " (Baba Bathra 60b)

When the people of Ludd declared a fast on a day of Chanukah, possibly to commemorate some local calamity, Joshua told them: "And now you should fast again, to win forgiveness for having fasted on a holiday!" (Tos. Taanith II.5).

He tried to inculcate a practical and clear-headed attitude at a time when the apocalyptic visionaries had made converts in the most unexpected quarters. He poured cold water on the widespread belief that the present troubles were the "Pangs of the Messiah" and that the end of the world was imminent. He said:

> I received a tradition from Rabbi Yohanan ben Zakkai who received it from his teacher [Hillel], and his teacher from his teacher, as an

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Halachah given to Moses on Sinai, that Elijah will not come to declare unclean or clean, or remove afar or to bring near, but only to remove afar those families that were brought near by violence and to bring near those that were removed afar by violence. (Eduyoth VIII.7)

He meant that the return of Elijah, foretold by Malachi as a preliminary to the coming of the Messiah, would have as its sole object the return to Israel of those Jews who had been carried away from it, and of the removal of the non-Jews who had been settled in Israel in their place. Joshua's interpretation is directed, apparently, not only against the Pauline Christians, who claimed that Jesus as the Messiah hailed by "Elijah" —John the Baptist—had annulled the Mosaic distinction between clean and unclean, but also against the Essenes and all others who expected Elijah to recognize their exceptional holiness and give them preferential treatment in the world to come, after destroying the rest of the people. In effect, Joshua was warning his fellow Jews not to indulge in exaggerated hopes of new heavens and new earths, but to be content with the expectation that the Messiah would reunite Israel and inaugurate an era of peace.

In the name of common sense he also opposed arguments based on an appeal to miracles. In a memorable discussion with Rabbi Eliezer, Joshua uttered what was in those days a very daring opinion: that human beings should take no notice of heavenly voices (Bath Kol). The discussion concerned ritual, in which Joshua as a rule showed much less interest than did the conservative-minded Eliezer. The latter's position was rejected by an overwhelming majority of the scholars, whereupon he appealed—or so a picturesque legend has it—to magic. Eliezer said:

"If the Halachah be according to my view, let this carob tree prove it!" Whereupon the carob tree was rapt a hundred cubits out of its place or, as some say, four hundred cubits. The [scholars] replied: "One does not bring proof from a carob tree." He said again: "If the Halachah be according to my view, let the stream of water prove it!" Whereupon the stream flowed backwards. "One does not bring proof from a stream of water," they replied. Again he said: "If the Halachah be according to my view, let the walls of this schoolhouse prove it!" Whereupon the walls made as if to fall. Then Joshua turned and rebuked the walls, saying: "When scholars are engaged in a dispute over Halachah, what business is it of yours to interfere?" So the walls did not fall—in honor of Rabbi Joshua; yet they also did not resume their upright position—in honor of Rabbi Eliezer.

The argument did not, however, end there. Rabbi Eliezer invoked the heavenly voices to bear witness that his opinion was the correct one.

"If the Halachah be according to my view, let it be proved from Heaven!" Whereupon a heavenly voice cried out: "Why argue with Rabbi Eliezer, considering that in all such matters that have to do with Halachah his view is the correct one!" Then arose Rabbi Joshua and exclaimed: *"It is not in heaven—but very nigh unto thee in thy mouth and in thy heart to do it"* (Deut. 30:12 and 14). [The Talmud continues] What did R. Joshua mean by this? Rabbi Jeremiah answered "[He meant that] the Torah had already been given [once] at Mount Sinai, and we should pay no attention to a heavenly voice, because Thou, O Lord, has long since written in the Torah: *After the majority must one follow* (Ex. 23:2)."

JOSHUA recognized that never had there been such need in Israel for common sense and moderation as after the crushing defeat by Rome. A steady untroubled routine of living was required if the wounds were to heal, and he opposed the extremists in both camps: the revolutionaries who advocated continuation of the war by guerrilla methods, and the Rabbis who wanted every waking hour to be devoted to study, without considering how the scholar was to earn a livelihood for himself and his family.

Mutual mistrust and even hatred clouded the relations between the scholars and the common people. Joshua was one of the few Pharisees who showed real tolerance and understanding in this matter. The term *am ha'aretz* (man of the land) was not limited to the farmers, for the alleys and side-streets of Jerusalem were thronged with people who were called *am ha'aretz;* it implied either ignorance or a careless rejection of the Torah as interpreted by the Pharisees. Yet the Talmud contains a "favorite saying" dating from this time that is described as "a pearl in the mouth of the Rabbis of Yavneh":

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I am His creature and my fellow [the *am ha'aretz*, according to the Rashi] is His creature. My work is in the town; his work is in the country. I rise early for my work and he rises early for his work. Just as he cannot excel in doing my work, so I cannot excel in doing his work. Say, if you will, that I do much [study] and he does little? [The answer is], as we have learnt, that one may do much and one may do little; but what matter so long as each directs his heart to Heaven (Berakoth 17a).

This saying is attributed to the "Rabbis of Yavneh," yet it is known that most Rabbis distrusted the *am ha'aretz*. Alone among the Tannaim at Yavneh, Joshua respected labor, being himself a worker in a physically exacting trade, and he may have been the sole author of this saying; in any case it is known that he tried to bridge the gap between the learned and the people.

Joshua grouped the over-pious with the evil-hearted and hypocritical as enemies of mankind, and said:

"Foolish saints, cunning scoundrels, women ascetics, and the plague of the Pharisees are destroying the world" (Sotah III.4). The Gemara explains what Rabbi Joshua meant by a foolish saint: "If a woman is drowning in the river such a man would say: 'It is improper for me to look upon her (which I would have to do if I rescued her).'" Rabbi Huna defines a cunning scoundrel as: "He who is lenient with himself and strict with others." By the "plague of the Pharisees," Rabbi Joshua meant those who pretended to imitate the true Pharisees, but were impostors and hypocrites. This passage has been misunderstood by Christian theologians who tried to find in it confirmation for the charge of hypocrisy leveled against the Pharisees in the New Testament.

Joshua held, further, that a holiday must not be devoted entirely to God: half should be devoted to God and half to merry-making. In this spirit he ridiculed the fasters, the wailers, and the over-pious.

THERE was one respect in which Joshua's objectivity failed him—at any rate in general theory, though perhaps not in practice: I mean in his attitude to women.

His own domestic life was a sad one. He married a priest's daughter who contracted, probably soon after the marriage, a sickness from which she never recovered. He seems never to have married again nor to have had children. He made one cryptic remark about his married life: "Aaron was not pleased that I should cleave to his seed, and that he should possess such a son-in-law as me" (Pesahim 49a). This may mean that the marriage was opposed by the bride's parents, who may have been wealthy and influential Jerusalemites; or that it proved a failure since there were no children and the marriage was short-lived. He cannot have implied that fate was unkind to him, since this would have been to question God's purpose. But this personal experience may well have contributed to his negative outlook on woman's character in general—or perhaps it was this general outlook which made his marriage difficult. He would not accept a woman's word when she claimed that she had been raped unless she could produce some proof of her disinterestedness (Ketuboth I.6). He maintained that if a married woman were seen in the street with a man unknown to her husband, her protestations that he was an honorable man, or even a priest, were to be rejected unless she could produce witnesses to attest to the innocence of the meeting. He once said: "A woman has more pleasure in one *cab* [measure] with lechery, than in nine *cabs* with modesty" (Sotah III.4). Women's defects, he held, were a physical inheritance from Eve. To the question "Why is it harder to pacify a woman than a man?" he answered: "Men were created from dust; pour a drop of water on dust and it softens at once. But Eve was created from bone; though you pour on bone any amount of water, it will not soften" (Bereshith Rabbah XVII.14).

Nevertheless, he advised men to marry: those particularly who had already been married in their youth should take another wife, even if widowed in old age (Yebamoth 62b). He did not, however, follow his own advice—perhaps his lack of physical attractiveness was the obstacle (Taanith 7a). When Rabbi Yohanan ben Zakkai had asked his favorite disciples to answer the question: "What is the best thing to which you could cling?" Joshua's reply was "a good companion"—one with whom to share one's learning, confidences, and possessions, and to be bound to in reciprocal loyalty—rather than that good wife whom Solomon had rated above rubies (Aboth II.2).

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Joshua's outbursts against women are quite out of keeping with the gentleness he otherwise displayed. Yet even his misogyny did not obscure his vision when dealing with particular cases. It is related that a Gentile woman came before Eliezer and asked to be converted. He inquired into her past. She replied: "My youngest son comes from my eldest son." Eliezer dismissed her, so she went to Joshua and confessed her past to him. He accepted her for conversion. His disciples said to him: "R. Eliezer drove her away, yet you brought her near!" Joshua replied: "As soon as she made up her mind to accept the Law she ceased to live in her [former] world: as it is written: *None that go unto her return, if they do return* [to their former ways], *neither do they attain unto the path of life* (Prov. 2:19)." He meant that the past was dead to anyone, even a woman, who sincerely wished to reform.

Two relationships, with Akiba and with Gamaliel, reveal much of Joshua's personal character, and show also his status in Jewry and his political vulnerability.

The Talmud records that Akiba studied under Eliezer before becoming Joshua's disciple. But Eliezer took so little notice of him as not even to be aware of his existence, until one day Akiba, now with Joshua, surprised Eliezer by his outspokenness. The discussion was one between Eliezer and Joshua on the proper sacrificial procedure when a Passover fell on a Sabbath, and Akiba intervened in support of Joshua. Though Eliezer would allow his friend Joshua to contradict him, he was not prepared to let Akiba, whom he all but accused of trying to uproot the written law, do so. Joshua's comments on this occasion are not recorded, but on another he twitted Eliezer with having failed to recognize the brilliant scholar who had sat at his feet for years and was now his most formidable opponent. He quoted the Scriptural sentence: "These are the people you despised, now go out and fight against them!"

Joshua ordained Akiba as a Rabbi and even dared instruct him in the mystic secrets known as the "works of the Chariot," which were reserved for men of superlative wisdom and holiness. He watched Akiba closely, allowed himself to be defeated by him in argument, and apparently felt pride in his pupil's extraordinary grasp of the Torah.

His relations with Gamaliel, who was in his early twenties when elected president of the Beth Din, of which Joshua, then aged forty-five, was vice-president, is highly revealing with regard to the character of the national leadership of that age. The name Beth Din was given to the Sanhedrin as it reconstituted itself at Yavneh, after the siege of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Temple: it continued to legislate as the Jerusalem Sanhedrin had done and gradually obtained the recognition of Jewry as a whole. The Patriarchy was the presidency of this body, which was occupied by descendants of the house of Hillel, with two exceptions, Yohanan ben Zakkai and Eleazar ben Azariah.

Gamaliel stressed, and even overstressed, the need for unity. Since the Jews seemed incapable of achieving unity of their own accord, he was determined to impose it upon them by every means at his disposal. That he was less experienced than his colleagues, some of whom were twice as old as himself, may have induced a certain nervous arrogance in him, and his autocratic tendencies and his tactless treatment of his colleagues, particularly Joshua, are frankly admitted in the Talmud, where no attempt is made to cover up or justify any of his unjust acts. We should remember, however, the unhappy condition of the people whom Gamaliel was called upon to guide. No effective orders or prohibitions could be issued in Palestine by any Jewish authority. The Beth Din wished to become a national center of authority, but was divided against itself. The struggle was not only between those who accepted the unwritten law of the Pharisees and those who rejected it, but also between the Hillelites and Shammaites, who threatened to divide the Torah into two Torahs, and therefore the people into two peoples. Joshua, too, sought unity in Israel, but did not believe that Gamaliel's iron discipline would achieve it.

Gamaliel, as a wealthy aristocrat, must have felt uncomfortable in Joshua's authoritative presence, perhaps feeling the latter's independence of mind to be rooted in a plebeian attitude of opposition. Clashes between the two would probably have occurred often but for Joshua's forbearance. None of

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the three momentous incidents that, as recorded in the Talmud, culminated in the dethronement of the Patriarch, and led to far-reaching reforms and changes at Yavneh, were of Joshua's seeking: furthermore, in all three he was the loser.

The first incident concerned a debate about the "fixing of the new moon." This most important prerogative belonged to the Sanhedrin, who presumably had delegated their authority to the Patriarch. The fixing of holidays depended on the first sighting of the new moon, and the matter was of particular importance in the months Tishri and Nissan, when the most important feasts occur. Once, on the eve of Tishri, two witnesses came before Gamaliel and testified that they had seen the new moon. Gamaliel accepted their testimony, but a very old and influential councilor, Dosa Ben Horkinas, did not. According to his calculations, the moon could not yet be visible and he declared that the witnesses had perjured themselves. Joshua, an astronomer himself, agreed with him, as did Akiba, but Gamaliel would not give way. As vice-president of the Beth Din, Joshua was himself qualified to fix the calendar (Eduyoth VII.7), but Gamaliel decided to make an example of him for having dared to challenge his decision. Joshua was ordered to appear in court in working clothes, with stick and wallet, on the day which, according to his own calculations, would be Yom Kippur.

Gamaliel sent this order to Joshua by Akiba. Joshua was so distressed at receiving it that he cried, "Rather would I lie on a sick bed for a year than bear this!" Akiba consoled him but advised submission. Joshua went to Dosa, but he too said that Gamaliel, as president of the Sanhedrin, must be obeyed. So on the day which he regarded as Yom Kippur Joshua dressed himself as ordered, took his stick in hand, threw a wallet over his shoulder, and presented himself to Gamaliel. As he entered Gamaliel stood up, kissed him, and said: "Welcome my master and my disciple! You are my master in wisdom, and my disciple for obeying my summons. Happy the generation when the great listen to the small!" Though this should have mollified those who resented the outrage to Joshua's conscience, the incident left a painful impression and Joshua's admirers in the Sanhedrin were determined to forestall any further attempt to undermine his dignity.

THE second incident was that of the "blemished first-born animal." Joshua had opposed a number of Halachahs approved by Gamaliel, and though he refrained from public opposition once the vote had been taken, he nevertheless stated his views to his colleagues in private. This, Gamaliel seems to have regarded as a breach of discipline. Many Jews were at this time not only still paying their tithes to the priests, but even handing over to them those of their first-born animals which before the destruction of the Temple would have been sacrificed on its altar. What was to be done with a sheep or goat that could no longer be dispatched with the correct ritual? The Halachah agreed upon was that it should be allowed to graze with the priest's flock, but the priest might not claim and use it for his own purposes unless he discerned a blemish which made it unfit for sacrifice. But could a priest be trusted in a case like this? Might he not himself inflict a blemish on the animal and thus acquire it without delay, instead of allowing it to graze for many years at his own expense. Joshua held that if the priest were a Pharisee his honor should not be questioned. He was overruled, the court deciding that every priest, whether a Pharisee or not, whose animal had suffered a blemish must rest under suspicion until he could prove that it was of natural origin.

Rabbi Zadok, who was a priest, privately confided to Joshua that one of the first-born animals grazing in his field had cut its lip while grazing. "Am I under suspicion?" he asked. Since Zadok was a fellow Pharisee and reputedly a man of honor, Joshua replied: "I cannot suspect you." But when the question was referred to Gamaliel, the latter said that so far as this Halachah was concerned there was no difference between Zadok and an *am ha'aretz*.

The more closely the case is studied, the more probable does it appear that Rabbi Zadok was acting provocatively. If the Halachah had already been decided by a majority vote, why did he privately ask Joshua for his opinion? Even if he had really wanted Joshua's opinion, why did he then reveal it? When the next public session of the court opened, Gamaliel asked: "Does anyone here

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challenge the truth of the accepted Halachah of the blemished first-born beast?" Joshua had no alternative but to admit that it was unchallengeable. It never occurred to him that his private assurance to Zadok, "I cannot suspect you," would come before the tribunal. But Gamaliel called on Zadok to testify that Joshua had expressed a view contrary to the Halachah. Not satisfied with this humiliation, he called upon Joshua to remain standing in his place until the end of the session. The temper of the assembly had now reached the boiling point. A third incident brought the opposition to Gamaliel to a head.

It was under Gamaliel that the *Sh'moneh Esreh* (the Eighteen Benedictions) were at last edited, and their repetition three times a day was made obligatory. Joshua, thinking how few of the uneducated would be able to learn this complicated prayer by heart or spend so long a time in prayer, composed a shortened version of the Eighteen Benedictions, which is recorded in the Talmud by Mar Samuel. This provoked no incident, but Joshua's equally definite views on the evening prayer of *Ma'arib* led to his third clash with Gamaliel. It seems to have been started, perhaps innocently, by a third party. The *Ma'arib* had just been made obligatory by Gamaliel and accepted by the Beth Din, despite the opposition of Joshua, who believed that it was optional. Soon after the decision had been taken a young scholar named Shimeon ben Yohai privately asked Joshua whether the prayer was optional and was answered in the affirmative. The matter came to Gamaliel's ears, and he regarded it as an affront to his authority. He said to Shimeon: "Wait and see what happens when the *Baale Tresin* [the armored ones*] arrive in the Beth Ha-Midrash," and then arranged for someone to ask, as soon as the session opened: "Is the evening prayer obligatory or optional?" Gamaliel himself answered at once that it was obligatory. He then turned to the assembly and asked: "Does anyone present dispute the ruling?" Joshua, realizing that the challenge was directed against himself, replied, "No."

This clearly contradicted his private opinion. (The only plausible explanation for his disowning his private opinion is that he did not wish to injure the interests of national unity.) Gamaliel showed his dissatisfaction with this brief "No" by pressing him: "Are you not reported to me as having said that the prayer should be optional? Stand up, Joshua, and let a certain man testify against you!" Rabbi Joshua stood up and said: "If I were alive and the witness were dead, the living could contradict the dead. But since both of us are alive, how can the living contradict the living?"

Gamaliel did not give Joshua leave to sit down again, but left him standing while he proceeded to expound a passage in the Torah unconnected with the prayer. In the end, both achieved the contrary of what they wanted: Gamaliel, instead of enhancing his authority, lost it, and Joshua, who had submitted to humiliation in the hope of unity, provoked disunity. For when the assembly saw Joshua standing before them like a punished schoolboy, while Gamaliel was proceeding with his normal exposition, ". . . all the people began to shout '. . . how long will you continue to insult him?'" (Berakoth 27b). Reminding Gamaliel of other occasions on which his lordly ways had caused resentment in the House, they cried: "Who has ever avoided being the victim of your ill will?" (Jer. Taanith VI.1). That same day they deposed Gamaliel from his presidency.

Not a voice was raised in his defense. He left his exalted chair and took his place, without a word, among the ordinary members. Realizing that he had overstepped the mark, he behaved with serene nobility; instead of sulking, he took an active part in subsequent debates and did not try to oppose the new, "revolutionary" conditions in the Beth Din, which lasted until he made his peace with Joshua.

It was difficult to find a successor to Gamaliel. Though Joshua was older and more learned, he was never proposed—probably because he was the cause of the upheaval, and no one wished to humiliate Gamaliel as he had tried to humiliate Joshua. Besides, Joshua was poor, and the Talmud, with strong historical backing, explains why a rich man was required as president; nor did

*This is what the leading members of the Yavneh Sanhedrin were called; a reminder that the place was a battlefield on which those who fought were "armed" with learning.

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he even come of a distinguished family. The next most worthy candidate would have been Rabbi Akiba, but he, too, was poor and had even less claim to distinguished ancestry than Joshua, having been an *am-ha'aretz* in his younger days and being descended from a proselyte. Nonetheless, Akiba expressed keen disappointment at being passed over in favor of a man younger even than Gamaliel, namely Eleazar ben Azariah, who is described in one source as having been eighteen years old at the time, and in another as having been no more than sixteen. He cannot have already been a member of the Beth Din, because with his appointment its membership reached the unusual number of 72, instead of 71. Akiba grumbled: "It is not that he [Eleazar] possesses more knowledge than I, but that he has a more illustrious family: happy are those for whom their ancestors create privileges, happy are those who have a peg to hang themselves upon!" (Jer. Berakoth IV.1).

On the day of Gamaliel's deposition all restrictions were annulled that barred from the Beth Din scholars who did not comply with the standards he had set. When its doors next opened, several hundred scholars crowded in. The Talmud hints tactfully that they had hitherto been excluded in error as not being, as Gamaliel believed, "worthy disciples." At the same time Joshua's motion to abolish the exclusion of Ammon and Moab was passed.

Gamaliel must have realized that he had underestimated Joshua's influence among the people; feeling, no doubt, in the wrong, he decided to ask his pardon. On his arrival at Joshua's home, he was astonished to find it a miserable, soot-blackened hovel. He faltered: "From the walls of your house it would seem that you are a smith." Joshua replied: "It is a pity that you have taken so long to find that out. Woe to the generation whom you have led, men ignorant of the straits in which scholars live, and with what difficulty they make ends meet." Gamaliel said: "I am humbled, forgive me." When Joshua did not reply, Gamaliel said: "Forgive me for my father's sake," whereupon Joshua accepted his apology.

When their reconciliation became known, a movement was started for Gamaliel's reinstatement as president. Akiba, however, led an energetic opposition; he had the doors of the Academy locked to prevent Gamaliel's followers from entering and "causing confusion among the Rabbis." Joshua, however, said: "Let him who is accustomed to wearing the robe [of office] wear it." Akiba protested to him: "Did we act for any other reason than to defend your honor?" But Joshua induced him to change his attitude, and Gamaliel was restored to the presidency.

Yet, despite his apparent victory, it was Joshua who came out the most discomfited. Gamaliel was restored, but the only way to remove young Eleazar ben Azariah without doing him deep offense was by appointing him vice-president of the Sanhedrin in place of Joshua. Perhaps it was then, and not earlier, that the latter moved to Peki'in, a small town between Yavneh and Lydda.

JOSHUA was around eighty at the accession of Hadrian, the thirteenth Roman emperor to whom Judea had been subject during Joshua's lifetime. Trajan had won the reputation of a bloody and vindictive ruler; Hadrian began as a man of peace and surrendered almost without a fight what was left of Trajan's conquests: Armenia, Mesopotamia, Assyria, and Parthia. He became the famous traveler, the brilliant conversationalist, the polymath, the philosopher king concerned for the welfare of his subjects. He bestowed freedom wherever he would ultimately have been forced to do so anyhow—Trajan had bequeathed him so many uneasy conquests that hardly a corner of the Empire remained placid.

Roman finances were in a confused, if not desperate, state. The Parthian war and the Jewish insurrection against Trajan had devastated rich districts at the expense of the Roman treasury, which was largely supported by provincial taxation; the need for pacification impressed itself on Hadrian, and he was willing to make large concessions to that end. Joshua led the negotiations with him. He hoped for the immediate granting of two urgent requests: the dismissal of Lucius Quietus, then Legate of Judea, and permission to rebuild the Temple. Hadrian complied with the first by having Quietus, whom he regarded as a possible rival, executed. The Jews, ignorant in all likelihood of his real reason, concluded that Hadrian had removed their arch-persecutor to gratify them, and considerable relief was expressed.

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It was not difficult for Joshua, as a well-known pacifist, to gain Hadrian's confidence and persuade him to grant his second plea, which after all demanded no political innovation. There is every reason to believe that it was Joshua who obtained the earlier promise from Trajan of permission to rebuild the Temple, the retraction of which had caused the latest Jewish rebellion. That this second promise was taken seriously is shown by the feverish activity reported from all Jewish communities. The story (by a Christian Father, Epiphanius) that Hadrian appointed Aquilas as the new governor of Jerusalem would mean, if true, another conciliatory gesture on the emperor's part.

As in the time of Ezra, the rebuilding of the Temple was opposed by Israel's neighbors, and also, it must be supposed, by the Pauline Christians. The Midrash gives the following account, which appears to have telescoped two incidents but may nevertheless signalize Joshua's position after the rescinding of the second promise. (Bereshith Rabbah LXIV.7):

In the days of Rabbi Joshua ben Hananiah the wicked Kingdom ordered that the Holy House should be rebuilt. Thereupon Pappus and Lullianus established exchange stations ["tables"] from Acco to Antioch so as to provide the *olim* [Jews from foreign countries] with their needs in silver, gold, and the like. Then came the Kutheans [Samaritans] and said: "Let it be known to the Emperor that when the city is rebuilt and its walls are established they will not pay toll, tribute, or custom." The Emperor then said: "What are we to do? I have already given the order [promise]." "Tell them," they counseled, "to build the Temple on another site, or to increase or decrease its size by five ells; then they will withdraw by themselves." The people were thickly assembled in the Valley of Beth Rimmon and when the letters written in this sense arrived they broke out into weeping and wished to revolt. Then said [those in charge]: "Let the sages come and pacify the people. Let Joshua ben Hananiah arise, for he is wise in the Law." Whereupon came Rabbi Joshua ben Hananiah and said: "A lion destroyed his prey, but a bone caught in his throat: he offered a reward to anyone who would remove the bone. A long-beaked Egyptian crane thereupon came and removed it. When the crane asked for the promised reward, the lion said that it was enough reward that she could boast of having put her head into a lion's mouth and suffered no harm. So let it be enough for us to boast that we faced this people and escaped in peace."

Joshua had lived through wars and rumors of wars, witnessed the gradual impoverishment of the land, seen how after every struggle the common people had become more brutalized, forlorn, and embittered than before. The Zealots still believed that war would restore their political power and allow them to rebuild the Temple for themselves. Joshua was convinced that no human effort could restore national sovereignty, but only God—and His hand could not be forced. He spoke with authority to this effect. His colleagues do not appear to have contradicted him, and at the Valley of Beth Rimmon he succeeded in averting an open revolt—which may have been due in part, it is true, to a lack of arms among the Jews.

So far from regretting his broken promise, Hadrian decided subsequently, it seems, that the Jewish religion, which recognized solely its own God as master and king, and had spread far beyond the bounds of Palestine, constituted a threat to the Empire. The record of the unyielding Jewish attitude to Rome ever since Pompey may well have convinced him that the only way to overcome it was to destroy the Jewish religion. There seems no other explanation for his ban on Jewish rites, especially circumcision, which, like his plan for erecting a pagan temple in Jerusalem, probably preceded Bar Kokeba's revolt. Hadrian's severity toward the Jews may have been aggravated, moreover, by wounded pride: wherever else he traveled he was received and worshiped like a god; these people alone would not offer him sacrifices.

In 130 C.E. Hadrian broke his journey down the Syrian coast from Antioch to Egypt to visit Jerusalem. Sixty years had passed since the city had been sacked by Titus, yet he saw Jews still clinging to the ruins of what had once been the symbol of their nationhood. He decided to abolish the Jewish religion by wiping out every sign of Jerusalem's former splendor and replacing the Temple with an edifice dedicated to Capitoline Jupiter and to his own divine glory. This was taken by the Zealots as a direct challenge and they prepared to resist. Aware of the hopelessness of any armed struggle against the Romans, Joshua exhorted the people to submit. But he now stood

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alone. Akiba, hitherto a staunch member of the peace party, had at last been won over by the Zealots. Joshua was over ninety when he made his last attempt to dissuade Hadrian, then in residence at Alexandria, from his plan to make Jerusalem a heathen city. He went alone to Egypt; even the once faithful Akiba considered his attempt futile and stayed at home.

An echo of Hadrian's arguments at his last audience with Joshua may be recognized in a passage in the Midrash. He is reported as telling Joshua: "How great is the sheep that stands up amongst seventy wolves" (Esther Rabbah X.11). This was doubtless said ironically: Hadrian was pointing out the futility of the Jews' attempt to be different from the rest of the world. "Seventy wolves" means the seventy other nations of the world that are mentioned in Genesis, which Hadrian could not have been familiar with, but there is no reason to believe that he did not make the equivalent remark in Greek. The Midrash gives Joshua's reply: "Great [rather] is the shepherd who rescues his sheep and crushes the wolves; as it is written *No weapon that is forged against thee shall succeed* (Isa. 54:17).

Joshua's efforts to make Hadrian show consideration for the feelings of an outraged community were nonetheless doomed to failure. He died soon afterwards. The death of the *Tsaddik* (Just One) is, in Jewish tradition, a signal for the advent of calamities. In this case they lasted for eighteen hundred years.

At Joshua's deathbed the wise men cried: "How shall we now defend ourselves against the unbelievers?" (Tos. Sotah 15.3). Joshua's answer was dry: he quoted Jeremiah 49:7 thus: "If good counsel has gone from the Children [of God], so has also the wisdom of the others failed." In other words, the Jews were not wise enough to refrain from violence; but neither were the Romans clever enough to destroy their religion. He may also have been thinking of the Christians. Perhaps he did believe that Pauline Christianity, now spreading far and wide, lacked the strength to overcome Judaism, even though spiritual life in Palestine had greatly decayed since the days of Hillel.

The Jews rose almost immediately after Joshua's death, Akiba having acknowledged Bar Kokeba as Messiah despite the protests of a few prudent men. His colleague Yohanan ben Torta said, "Akiba, grass will be growing through your cheeks before the Son of David comes" (Jer. Taanith IV.7).

Though starting out with brilliant successes, the revolt ended in utter ruin. The Talmud comments briefly: "For seven years have the Gentiles manured their vineyards with the blood of Israel."

FATE

JEROME ROTHENBERG

We are toothless hags; we cannot spit
Properly; we cannot express hate or terror
But in weakness; a tremor takes us
And we fail again. It is an error
To call the aged bitter: we make no fuss
Where we are placed: we sit and knit.

If this is a Home we listen to each other
Make small noises in distant rooms. Rooms
That are boarded up we have unlearned:
We would fear to be crowded; we would take brooms
And raise memories; alone, we have turned
To what winter watches. There is no mother

Among the aged, who can lean down
To where there is crying. We attend two hands
Like slates scratching together; the dry thread
Is all we count. Do not make demands
On our faults; delay your own, instead;
Our finger, like the earth, is brown.

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AMERICA, A PARTIAL VIEW

Travel Notes of a Displaced Native

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

ALL travelers' reports ought to be taken with skepticism, those of returned native travelers even more so. Last summer, after an absence of five years, I spent some time in the United States. My view of the current state of our country is partial in a number of senses. A New Yorker, an intellectual, Jewish, and of a congenitally critical disposition—a combination of attributes now on its way out—I had lengthened a year of study abroad to indefinite residence in Europe. I did so because, for a number of reasons, I preferred to live there. And when I came back, my contacts with America were limited. I remained in the East, my old friends were persons like myself in one or another respect, and a visiting lecturer at the Harvard summer school does not see the same things as a transcontinental hitchhiker. But there were ways in which these limits could be overcome. We had television, and enough money to go to the movies. And we did not spend every week-end with the intelligentsia on Cape Cod. Moreover, the academics and the intellectuals often behave like caricatures of their countrymen. A short look at the latter, plus long exposure to the former, and one can extrapolate to the general spiritual condition of the nation.

Travel may not be broadening, but it is altering: I returned with a different set of senses. Many of the things I noticed for the first time in America were, no doubt, there all along. Yet, when all is said, I am convinced that the place had changed. What follows is my view of those changes, and of the long-term problems they seem to represent.

Europeans who know the United States well have been coming back to the Old World, for the past two years or so, insisting that the American people have calmed down. This, of course, was before the shock of the Sputniks and the resultant outburst of self-recrimination. The later agitation gives us a chance, however, to understand the earlier calm. And it was calm, of a sort. When I landed at Boston airport last July, the Immigration inspector greeted the planeload, American and foreigner alike, with a grin. When I was leaving in 1952, his counterpart in New York had looked with suspicion upon the departing Americans, with hostility upon the foreigners. (My wife, who is not American, says that this new accession of good temper has not entirely penetrated the visa sections of our consulates abroad.) Tension did seem diminished last summer—even in traffic jams. And in casual conversations, people seemed less harassed, more generous. They were less inclined to people the world with enemies, real or imaginary.

How real was this apparent relaxation, and what was its cause? We know that juvenile crime and adult embezzlement, alcoholism, and neurosis, do not seem to be disappearing from the American scene. The average American, it is true, is not an embezzler, drinks with some restraint, and does not feel driven to seek psychological help. His children, meanwhile, stay out of court. But the tension in American society, if it bears down only on some, is certainly not without effect on nearly all. My guess is that what happened was the development of a new balance of tensions. They shifted away from politics into other spheres. And since the European

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visitors were keen to analyze political disturbances, most of them missed out on the shift. They simply pointed to its seeming result, the diminution of political excitement. But if I am right that tensions had shifted away from politics by the summer of 1957, how can I speak of national relaxation? The tension must have gone somewhere, to stick there.

There are a number of answers, none of them simple, and some of them possibly wrong. The first is that relaxation was, in good measure, a flight from tension. The new preoccupation with the private pleasures in America reflects not alone their attractions, but a revulsion from politics and the strains it induces. The second answer is that the relaxation itself was somewhat forced: people felt relaxed, but more important, they felt that they *ought* to feel relaxed. The third answer is that the perpetual American preoccupation with personal identity, by now a popular obsession instead of one confined to an intellectual elite, is so demanding that people had to relax—or explode. If these answers, or something like them, are correct, then the relaxation in America had a peculiar, historically unique quality. It wasn't the relaxation of a people caught up in the ordered rhythms of a settled pattern of life. It was, rather, an appendage to an unsettled pattern, and it had a certain abandonment born of that unsettlement.

But did ordinary Americans feel a revulsion from politics—or was this simply the latest political attitude worn on the sleeves of the intellectuals? The most striking thing about the country that considers herself the world's most thoroughgoing democracy is the political passivity of the populace, the absence of politics. I had the feeling of residing under an *ancien régime,* though one without clerics, censors, and magistrates to keep down opposition, because without opposition. Consent and affirmation fill the press, are found on every other page of serious and scholarly journals, envelop the classroom, and fall instinctively from the mouths of ordinary men and women.

So pervasive is the atmosphere, so unconscious is assent, that 18th-century philosophers coming upon this—their supposed creation—would suspect a trick. Their vision of a harmonious society, its members working tirelessly for themselves and yet unfailingly serving the general welfare, is just what Americans think of their polity. But the vision was intended as much to combat the acerbities of the *ancien régime* as to foretell the future. The philosophers, indeed, might distrust their local guides, even if they were professors of political science. Societies without major political conflicts are unknown and are unlikely, at this point in history, to be invented.

Yet the interval between 1952 and 1957 seemed to have driven at least one kind of controversy further underground in the United States. Public opinion—an omnibus term, with lots of stops on its route—was still occasionally swept by waves of uneasiness and doubt. But the recurrent search for scapegoats was not a substitute for the allocation of political responsibility. Rival pressure groups do not constitute political alternatives. Politics without ideology, we have been told, is the only safe politics. But the U.S. looked like a country without either ideology or politics.

Curiously, a certain kind of ideological sterility seemed to account for this situation. I had the impression that the common-sense political notions of ordinary people and the obtuse cerebrations of academics were, alike, incapable of clarifying what was really happening. It was not just that reality was too complex; it's always complex. But surprisingly few of the values people brought to political reality were realizable. Hardly any of the images they had referred to political facts. And the main reason for these discrepancies was peculiar: everybody identified so thoroughly with the country that nobody could step back and look at it. Critics of America, domestic and foreign, make much of the allegedly reactionary components of the country's political beliefs—they invoke the supposed spiritual inanities and horrors of a walled-in small town. Little

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of that was visible last summer. Instead, I encountered a nation so committed to the present that it had lost touch with the past and the future, human beings so disdainful of provincialism that they insisted that they were at the center of the world. Everything was up to date, so up to date that some small-town backwardness would have been welcome.

The central article of faith in America, at the moment of my visit, was that it was a society the problems of which were exclusively technical, matters of detail. The existence of political conflicts of the sort other countries know, the confrontation of irreconcilable values and interests embodied in parties and groups struggling for power, were simply denied. In fact, what is unique about America is not the absence of political conflicts but the peculiar forms they take. And those forms have a double fatality. They are baffling and troublesome enough to drive political concerns out of popular consciousness, and they are opaque and remote enough not to be missed.

Ideological difficulty begins when people are aware of a disparity between their conceptions and the world, a disparity ineradicable from human political experience. This is what makes people look anew at reality, and it can lead to a new attempt to master it. The absence of conspicuous ideological difficulty in America last summer was the worst difficulty of all. Convinced, or afraid to doubt, that they were masters of the situation, the American people were mastered by it. The recent announcements, therefore, of the death of political ideologies in America seem to me to have been premature: the worst kind of ideology, the unexamined sort, lives on.

Let us consider the problem of the cities and the new suburbia. A good deal of the literature on the suburbs glosses over the obvious fact: their development emphasizes a principle of social segregation in the United States. (Characteristically, the literature has told us how people are moving up into them —but not about those who are left behind, nor very much about the class divisions within them.) The resultant complex of problems —schools, taxes, and all the rest—are not simply matters of local interest. They are in every sense political, since the issue is not alone the extent but the direction of public expenditure. Meanwhile, the United States is beginning to develop a system of class-bound schools, whether private or public. Yet the entire situation seems unutterable; it cannot be discussed for what it is. For the United States is supposed to be a classless society, where this sort of thing does not happen. But a society which closes its eyes to ideological conflict is not a society without such conflict.

The Negro problem entails similar difficulties. It is too violent, literally, to be dismissed in the same way as the problem of the suburbs. But it seems as much a matter of national embarrassment as of national concern. There are lots of people concerned, of course: the Negroes themselves, the Southern whites, the politicians, and those who worry about such things. But when the television screens brought Little Rock into millions of living rooms, I sensed a detached reaction—as if it were an interesting tug of war between Faubus and "the" government. German passivity as the Nazis took anti-Jewish measures reflected considerable popular anti-Semitism. Nothing so blatant was apparent in this case, although we should be deceiving ourselves if we supposed that the Southern Negroes can rely on the *active* sympathy of their fellow citizens in the North, especially with Negro and Puerto Rican neighbors crowded into slums not too far away.

Simultaneously, the Levittown disturbances made clear the specifically Northern pattern of racial conflict. The Northern Negro enjoys all the formal rights denied to his Southern brothers. Naturally he is not content with formal equality, but wants exactly what his white countrymen value: a plethora of consumer goods, a good home, and "advantages" for his children. The African intellectuals in Paris speak of "Negritude" as a cultural-political goal for their peoples, and the Anglicized African Negro

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elite studying or visiting in London have traditions at home to build upon. All this is meaningless to American Negroes. Leaving the slums, not because they are different but because they are so like other Americans, they incur the risk of collision with them. In any case, there is remarkably little that Northern whites can do, even if they sympathize with the aspirations of the Negroes. And the Northern situation seems almost as inaccessible to individual action. The political passivity of which I wrote seems forced upon even those who would like to be active. The very atmosphere renders participation difficult or useless. The institutional channels seem incredibly intricate, or simply blocked. Few would claim that there is a disposition to change this state of affairs. In fact, it suits most people fairly well and allows them to pursue their private pleasures. Yet the paradox is this: the private pleasures in America fuse imperceptibly with public ones.

For a time, after the war, it seemed that Americans were votaries of the familiar bitch goddess, success. However, this cult had been replaced by exercises less ascetic. Success, it seems, is not so important as it once was. One good reason for this is that most people, by their own standards, are successful—very much so. American sociologists often depict the populace as driven by an insatiable desire for esteem and prestige. This may be true of the sociologists: they are generally recruited from those pockets of society where old standards were recently still effective, the small-town, lower middle classes and the big-city immigrant groups. But most human beings are simple enough to believe that money will buy the things they want. And most Americans, by their own standards as well as by any others, have a good deal of money. They have indeed succeeded, in ways their fathers only dreamed of.

Given the highest standard of living in the world, the central American problem is how to enjoy it. William H. Whyte has read an impressive eulogy at the grave of the puritan ethic. David Riesman is uncertain whether to mourn it, but he agrees that it is dead. But each of these able observers of the current scene misses something: puritanism has left its enduring traces in the psychological life. It may have gone out of the economy, the self-reliant entrepreneur may have been replaced by the bureaucrat or the public relations man. Yet, at home, even these are puritans: they worry about the sorts of pleasures they have. They are not self-denying, but their riches are a standing challenge to find the right mode of enjoyment. The obsession with psychology is a result. It is a national exercise in self-definition—the new pilgrim progresses by recasting himself. The Europeans who once found innocence in America must today acknowledge that no more self-conscious people exists.

All of this accounts for the increasingly unashamed openness of the private life in America. Family and community seem to interpenetrate, the characters marching in and out of each other's living rooms through picture windows. Distrusting their own intuitions, people rely on everybody else's. The pursuit of success, then, has been replaced by the effort to create a public image of oneself. Perhaps this extreme dependence on external social relationships is, as Whyte insists, a consequence of life in large organizations. But it affects women and children, who do not work, at least as much as it does men. Standardized patterns of play, entertainment, and family life have preempted the field during the past years. Spontaneity, it seemed to me, was hard to find.

The search for self-identity and the demand that pleasure be meaningful are the traditional marks of higher culture. Is the general cultural level in America, then, rising? Certainly there has been great improvement over the past five years. Internal and external décor, the sophistication of television comics, the content of popular magazines—everything was visibly more refined, chic. But like the spread of the "natural look" in men's clothing, from Madison Avenue to Main Street, these things do not necessarily indicate a changed basis of taste.

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They reflect, rather, the extended influence of certain prestige groups (and, of course, the successful search for new markets). A *felt* relationship to a higher culture is still difficult to find in America. The necessary discipline, and the education that could produce it, are missing.

What about the bearers of a higher culture, the intellectuals? They have been relatively unaffected by the recent boom. It is true that they have profited from it. Paperback publishing, increases in university salaries, the ubiquitous and indispensable foundation fellowships, have made material life at least more tolerable for them. But the intellectual's role in American society has hardly changed. The gulf between the intellectuals and the rest is as wide as it ever has been. If we consider what appears to have bridged it—the elevation of popular taste—it may even be wider. The consumer of cultural goods wants something to grace his after-hours, a refined and pleasurable mode of enjoying his leisure. But he is not committed to the criticism and refashioning of the values of his culture. His is a part-time occupation. His powers of discrimination may be acute, the more so for his amateur status, since he is unlikely to be academic in the worst sense of the term. But he does not have to bear the responsibility for deciding anew how the world really is, or how it ought to be. The intellectual, however, sees precisely that as his task. He measures his success or failure by his own accomplishments in it. The nearer he comes to the everyday world, the more remote he is likely to feel from it. Material rewards are irrelevant: his needs are spiritual.

Spiritual needs may agitate men even when the real obstacles to their satisfaction are very great. The intellectuals appear to have experienced the need to identify with America just when identification is difficult. Their insistence on their reconciliation with the country had something plaintive about it: their love remains unrequited. The intellectuals, when pressed, generally admitted that the problem of finding a deep relation to their country and its culture troubled them. But I have been writing in terms of a very old conception of the intellectual. How appropriate is it to the current American scene?

ONE of the most striking, and disheartening, changes I noticed was the decline in the numbers of the old-fashioned intelligentsia. The new intellectual is an academic specialist. He does not claim to see things whole: he usually won't take responsibility for seeing a part of the whole in detail. He will only say that his "approach" has a certain value. Modesty is always a virtue, of course, and the new intellectual's deference is to be preferred to the excesses of a Spengler or a Toynbee. But to a large extent it is an abdication of responsibility. The new-style American thinker can all too easily permit semi-literates and charlatans to fashion the minds of a generation. Having renounced the education of the public, he may even be abandoning it to some lunatic.

The reasons for the recent constriction of intellectual focus are many, and they include the fact that a broad view is as painful as it is difficult. But one obvious fact has not been given the attention it deserves—the intellectuals, more than ever before, are employed by the universities. American universities share many characteristics with European ones, but academic bureaucracy has been so perfected in the new world that the universities in Europe impress the American visitor as rather amateurish—clubs of a sort. (The one European university whose organization reminded me of home I found in East Berlin.) In these academic bureaucracies, careers are made in ways usually associated with the large business corporations, although the younger executives generally enjoy more humane treatment than the junior professors. At any rate, university administrators are interested in the standardization of academic production: this relieves them of the necessity of making decisions in qualitative terms. The large American university prizes "the good team man," whose work fits the prevalent categories—and who shows the proper respect

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for the raiments of all the local emperors. It is irrelevant to say that genius would find this system uncomfortable. Genius is almost always uncomfortable, and anyhow it is very rare. What is disturbing is the fate of talent in the universities.

American higher education exhibits all the external characteristics of the Darwinian struggle for existence; but do the fittest survive? It is too easy for the committeeman and the manipulator, for the bright boy who can identify and elaborate the coming academic party line. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the intellectuals in the universities are hard put to it to develop their originality and depth. It is only surprising that they do so well. American academic work is very thorough. Yet it is thorough on a narrow front. Much "research" by itself doesn't make for scholarship, since the latter demands a heightened and enlarged awareness of implications of the subject, while the former calls only for the narrowest concentration on it. Unfortunately, awareness is elusive; it doesn't fit easily into academic budgets.

These difficulties are especially acute in my own field, the social sciences. There are plenty of able and devoted workers in these areas, but they seem to have become hunting grounds for the intellectual racketeer and his unwitting tool, the academic gadgetmaker. When the social scientist allows himself to diagnose the total condition of man, he frequently produces banalities. When he examines his own society, he produces crude apologetics. A good many social scientists in America can avoid these embarrassments: they are not interested in man or society, but in "method." It was disconcerting to return to the U.S. and find that a journalist, William H. Whyte, had written one of the most penetrating analyses of American society in years. It was discouraging to learn that C. Wright Mills, who had written the other (and who years ago anticipated much of what Whyte had to say), is thought "unscientific" by his colleagues. A systematic critique of our society is being developed by a group of Hollywood writers and producers —like those who did *Face in the Crowd*. But some of the university social scientists have forgotten their dignity in the scramble for consultantships from Madison Avenue.

With their teachers thus unable to present them with any clear and consistent intellectual goals, American students can't do more than flounder. They see nothing very solid against which they can revolt. Nineteen hundred and fifty-two, when I last saw them at home, was not a year conspicuous in the universities for intellectual venturesomeness. But in 1957 I looked back on it as a golden age of cultural ferment. The bright undergraduate of 1957 had little or no disinterestedness and he did not care for intellectual play. His very natural interest in grades and careers was not at fault. Even the student intellectuals, who disdained business (but were quite willing to enter the academic one), were concerned about the proper formulae, the line, the "approach." Like their teachers, they worked hard. But hard intellectual work requires more than time and energy. It requires a recognition of the difficulty and complexity of problems, a certain humility before the achievements of the past.

The serious young American students have been influenced by the messianic pretensions of some of their elders: they think they can write intellectual history anew, and often don't bother to learn it. And, despite their trips to Europe, they are surprisingly provincial. They are instinctive patriots, convinced of the general superiority of their country's ways in a manner that would embarrass their counterparts in Europe. They carry on, veering (but not uncertainly) between self-assured solutions to timeless problems and the reverent repetition of their teachers' dogmas. The only thing they seem to lack is the hesitation and freshness of youth itself. They act as if it were all laid out before them; perhaps it would disturb them to encounter experience directly, to make their way through the woods instead of keeping, in autos purchased new, to the highway.

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I FIND that I have said nothing about my impressions of the Jewish community. There is little to say in COMMENTARY now, after Mrs. Rossman spoke her piece.* But it is apparent that American Jewry feels at home in the country, in ways not so visible five years ago, the move to the suburbs being only the most superficial expression of its attitude. "Quirks" like excessive intellectualism may be dying out. Mrs. Rossman's neighbor, whose only reaction to a lecture was to announce that a prayer from the heart was worth more than the serious analysis of Judaism itself, is not alone. Many of the younger generation feel this way, even if their sentiments are more high-toned. The Jewish intellectual, somewhat unkempt, intense, eager for knowledge and ostentatiously erudite, contentious and downright ill-mannered: this figure lives on only in memory, or in a few survivors of the 20's and 30's, their zeal not quite concealed by their striped ties and well-pressed tweed jackets. One interesting thing is that a number of cultivated and prosperous younger Jews have become patrons of the arts. Some, indeed, have gone into business in order to be able to afford the cultural artifacts which the professional intellectual cannot buy. (Clement Greenberg called this to my attention, and it was easy to verify.)

The most profound expression of the increasing Americanization of Jewry in the United States is the seeming ease with which it meets its historical situation. But is ease an appropriate response? It is difficult to believe that ugliness and violence have been so completely eliminated from American life (or so exclusively reserved for the Negroes) that minority communities can expect a future without major problems. The Jewish community seemed to have forgotten the difficulties of the winter of 1956, when Israel and the U.S. stood opposed, by the summer of 1957. The Jewish community's self-satisfaction, however, only matched that of the rest of America.

Foresight is easy to claim, after the event, but last summer I felt that the visible lessening of tension in America was not necessarily a sign of maturity. The twin components of American puritanism (in uneasy balance in all but the heroic days of the Colonies and the young Republic): public moral earnestness and the compulsive regulation of the private life, had flown apart. The compulsive regulation was there, and so was the moral earnestness—and this not alone in Mr. Dulles. But the moral earnestness was turned outward, sloganized, and left to suitably cleared experts. The regulation of private life, of course, was also an affair for the experts—with the conspicuous difference that everyone was in the process of acquiring expertise. But the separation was pronounced. Perhaps it is a necessary consequence of the organization of societies as large and as complex as that of the United States. But then there is no point to pretending that the country is a democracy, 18th-century style.

In any event, the reaction to the Sputnik, and now the recession, show that the relaxation last summer was shallow. What isn't earned, can't be kept. It was a self-indulgent kind of relaxation, not the result of a strenuous effort to come to terms with the world. But the tranquilizer is no substitute for psychotherapy. A people with as many aspirations (and responsibilities) as the Americans can be expected, surely, to do better.

*See "Judaism in Northrup," by Evelyn N. Rossman, November 1957.

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AFTER THE RIOT

A Story

DAN JACOBSON

THE Monday morning after the riot there was a policeman on almost every other corner of the town; we saw them standing on the pavements as we drove down to work, with their rifles grounded and their helmets tilted low over their eyes. At the factory, none of the Africans we employed came to talk to us about the week-end's events, and we for our part stood guiltily aloof, too guilty to ask them questions about what had happened. Until one of the workmen, David, could not restrain himself, and came to the office to show us his hat, through which a police bullet had gone; and then one or two others told us about the fighting in the "location," where the Africans who work in the town have to live, and where, over the week-end, they had burned down everything that stood for the white authority they hated. They had burned down the municipal beer hall, the infants' crèche, the offices of the location superintendent; they had overturned all the cars they could lay their hands on and had set fire to them; they had stoned the incoming van-loads of police; and by the time the riot was over eighteen Africans had been shot dead by the police, and another eighty were in hospital. As whites we felt that we had been protected by the rifles of the police—so as "liberals" we could hardly meet the eyes of the Africans who worked for us, the morning after the riot. Nor could we believe any longer that the small spread-out town in which we lived was immune from the sort of violence which before we had associated only with other countries, with wars at the other end of the African continent. That Monday morning began for us with guilt and fear, and with silence for almost all the Africans in our employ.

Guilt and fear was the pattern of the morning, for it was renewed with every white man who came to the factory. None of the white customers who came with their lorries to load the bags of meal we sold them could speak of anything but the riot, and whether they said sadly, "It's a bad business," or gloated, "There's *hundreds* dead, not eighteen," we saw mirrored in their eyes our own guilt and fear. There was hatred too, in some of the eyes, and those we preferred not to meet, though they were set in faces as white as our own. From them all guilt and fear and hatred produced wild talk and rumors, and sudden awkward excesses of politeness to the African employees, who went on with their work, all around us. And many of the customers said in fear—yet some patently willing the event they feared—"There'll be more trouble still." By lunch time we felt the day had already been as long and tiring as any day should have been: my father, my brother, and I drove home for lunch, and the policemen were still standing on the street corners, their helmets even lower over their eyes than before. Every figure seemed a reminder of what had been said throughout the morning: "The trouble's just beginning."

LUNCH was served by Ben, the African houseboy, for the girl, Betty, had gone to the location to make sure that her son, who lived in the location with his grandmother, was not among those injured. After lunch we had to go down to the factory

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again, where we found the Africans sitting on the pavement in the sun, in front of the factory, eating bread and drinking bottles of cool drinks, as they usually did during their lunch-break. They got to their feet when they saw us coming; and then across the square there rushed a packed van-load of police, all carrying rifles, and the Africans on the pavement did not move at all until the van had gone out of sight. Then one spat on the ground and said dispassionately, "They want to kill us all," but the rest moved off together in silence. We opened the door of the factory and work began again. About an hour later a lorry-load of African convicts was driven through the square, and all our workers rushed to the front of the building and simply cheered the convicts right across the square. We pretended not to see or hear the incident. They went back to their work and then two of them suddenly began shouting at one another, and before one could even guess at the reason for the quarrel, they were grappling, rolling over on the concrete floor, locked together and snarling. Everyone was on edge, and the fight was merely a symptom of this; in a moment the entire factory staff seemed to be on the spot where the fight had broken out, and they were all shouting and shoving—a free-for-all could have broken out in a moment, and might have been a disaster, but the contestants broke apart, and one or two of the others held them apart long enough for them abruptly and inexplicably to lose enthusiasm for the fight, and to turn with grave faces and drooping shoulders to those who held them.

My father prides himself on, as the South African saying goes, "being good at handling Natives"; and he was certainly good with them that afternoon. I was moved by the calmness of his tone, the deliberation with which he spoke, his concern for their welfare and his own. "I don't want the police here," he said. "I don't want them, but if a noise goes up from here they'll come, and when they come they'll bring their rifles and they'll start shooting. You know that—we all know what's been happening: the whole town is just waiting for something to start again. And just *this*—just what you are doing now can start it off again, and then God help all of us." He paused and looked round at the assembled Africans: some nodded at his words, all seemed relieved that he had spoken to them as he had. It is true that "paternalism" may not be good enough, may positively be a bad thing if persisted in, but I was only too grateful that the Africans seemed as innocent of any such notion as my father. He then told them to go back to their jobs, and quietly they began to disperse. And they went on with their work until at last it was five-thirty, and the doors of the factory were closed, and the workers pedaled home to the location on their bicycles, and we drove home.

A few weeks before, my brother and I had arranged to visit that very Monday night (following the riot) a friend of ours who worked with us in the committee of a social club of which we were members. At supper he phoned us to say that if we thought it better not to go out then we needn't come, and could arrange to come round some other evening. But the evening was quiet; and the fact that he had phoned up to say such a thing, the fact that the policemen still waited on their street corners, the fact that, as we had learned during the day, certain dutiful white citizens had gone to the headquarters of the local regiment to demand arms for themselves, the fact that everyone in town was expecting more trouble, suddenly seemed all the more reason for us to go out, to do what we would have done anyway, to live as though we were used to and expected peace, not violence. And my father said, "Go out, of course, go out!" And he took his book and went to read it on the stoep. My mother planned to have an early night; and my father encouraged her—I think he rather enjoyed the idea of sitting out on the stoep, peacefully reading, when so many people of the town waited for trouble.

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So we drove off to our friend's house. It was not far from ours: a house like so many others in the town—single-storied, with a roof of corrugated iron, a garden in front, a small cemented drive-in leading to the garage. My friend's name was, let us say, Eddie, and with him was his girl friend, whom we had also known for many years. He is tall, blond, well-to-do, and was living with his parents, whom for the evening he had banished to the back stoep. We sat in the living room, and made small talk, and discussed the entirely unimportant committee whose work we were supposed to be doing. The time went pleasantly enough: once the talk went on to the riot, but though Eddie generally regarded his own remarks with considerable seriousness, this did not in the least mean that he enjoyed talking about serious matters, and he led the conversation away from the riot to such innocent topics as the films which were showing in town and the weather. The weather was beautiful, as it can only be in the evenings of a hot climate, when all the heat that has been coming off all day from brick and tar and sand and concrete seems to draw into these things, leaving their surfaces cool. The French windows of the living room were wide open, and the low houses and the low trees beyond the fence seemed no taller than the fence itself, and the darkening sky rose sheer above them all.

THEN the phone rang. Eddie went to answer it in the hall. He came back a moment later. "It's your mother," he said.

I went to answer it. "Hullo, Mom, is everything all right?"

"Well, I'm not sure."

"What do you mean?"

"The police have just phoned up. They say there's some sort of trouble at the factory, and they've asked Dad to go down."

"We'll be over right away."

"Yes. Dad asked Ben to go down with him, but he wouldn't. He said he was too frightened."

"We're coming at once."

My mother rang off. I went into the living room. Eddie and my brother were both on their feet. "What is it?" my brother asked.

"I don't know. We've got to go. Dad's gone down to the factory, there's some kind of trouble there. The police said he must."

"The police!"

"Come on," I said.

Eddie said: "I'm coming with you." He turned to his girl friend. "Darling, you stay here with Mom and Dad. I won't be long. And don't tell them where I've gone. Say that we had to get some papers or something."

"Eddie—must you go?"

"Yes, darling, I must." Eddie said to us, "Wait here, I'll be back in a minute." We heard him going down a passage; a minute or two later he came back into the room, carrying a small automatic pistol, and a .22 sporting rifle. "We must take something with us," he said. He leaned the rifle against the sofa, and shook out a little box of cartridges into his hand and began clipping them into the magazine of the automatic.

"What's all this—?"

But Eddie handed the rifle to me. "Here," he said, "you take it."

And I took it. Eddie showed me brusquely, "This is the safety catch. It's on. Keep it on."

"I know," I said, unwilling to take second place to Eddie in my knowledge of rifles, but feeling an immense fool with the brown-butted, black-barreled thing in my hand, all the same.

"Come on." We turned to go.

"Eddie," his girl friend called, "you'll look after yourself."

Eddie smiled at her from the door, stuffing the automatic into his pocket. "Come on," he said to us.

When we reached the car, Eddie's girl friend was standing in the front door, the light of the hall behind her. "Eddie, be careful—" she called urgently, stretching one arm towards him. But Eddie slammed the door of the car, and we began driving down the road.

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I SHOULD explain here that the car we had taken with us on the visit was the Dodge, my father's car, and we had left behind the little English car which my brother and I shared, which my father despised and very rarely drove and then only with the direst effects on its rather delicate little gear box—the fact that it had four forward gears always seemed to baffle him. And while I am explaining I should add too that my father's "paternalism" toward his African employees had resulted in three or four of them converting a shed in the back yard into a kind of dormitory for themselves in which they lived rent free and in defiance of innumerable municipal by-laws. There had been trouble from that shed before, for its inhabitants were given to brewing illicit beer, singing songs, entertaining women, and generally leading quite a cheerful communal existence which disturbed the people who lived on the other side of the factory yard. If there was trouble it would have started from them, I was sure; but too much had happened the previous night, too much had threatened to happen throughout the whole day, for rowdiness now to be innocent or to have results which would be innocent.

The streets through which we drove were empty, but for the occasional patroling policeman, and the lamp-posts peacefully threw their light down at regular intervals, over the tar, the sand of the pavements, the hedges of houses. But though, as the lamps passed, the rifle across my knees still seemed absurd, a matter for embarrassment, I could not put out of my mind how inexpert my father was with the car he was driving, how light the car was, how easily it could be overturned by a handful of men.

To get to the factory we had to pass our house, and when we drew near it my brother said, "We better stop. Perhaps he's come back."

He parked the car in front of the house, and we ran across the pavement, up the garden. My mother was in the hall, in a dressing-gown, and with her was Ben, the houseboy.

"Has anything happened?" we asked.

"I haven't heard anything," my mother said.

Then Ben broke out suddenly, *"Hoe kon julle die oubaas alleen laat gaan?"* How could we let my father go alone? He said it again, almost passionately, *"Hoe kon julle die oubaas alleen laat gaan?"*

I turned on him and shouted, "He asked you to go with him!"

"No, *baas,*" Ben said, retreating a little, holding the edge of his apron with one hand. "I'm too frightened to go, *baas.* But you must help the *oubaas,*" he said. *He* was telling us this, his face shadowed under his flat, black brow, his hand clinging to the edge of his apron.

We turned and ran back to the car. I groped about on the floor of the car for the rifle. The factory is not far from the house, and in between, in the same road, is the police station at which my father had been asked to call.

"Should we stop at the police station—?"

"I don't know—"

"There's no time, man."

But we had to stop at the police station, anyway, for the road outside was blocked with cars. Lights shone staringly, dazzlingly, in front of the blockage. We edged our way forward between a van double-parked and a traffic island; the lights of other cars on the other side of the island stared towards us. And when we came past the van we saw an ambulance standing with its doors wide open, its interior lit up and white, as big as a room. My brother stopped the car and jumped out, leaving it where it was in the middle of the road, and ran to the entrance of the police station. The office was filled with black policemen in khaki uniforms, white policemen in dark blue uniforms—there seemed to be policemen and rifles everywhere. My brother began pushing his way into the charge office; I ran to the ambulance. But as I came to it the double doors at the back swung closed and it went off slowly, swaying at the back with its own weight. In front of me was the blocked, blazing road, with yet another car stuck now

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behind ours. Car doors were slamming, engines were racing: I could make no sense of anything I could see. Then I saw the egg-shaped, little gray car which my father was driving, and I walked over to it. It was empty. I looked back to the police station. I heard Eddie say, "Everything's all right," and I saw my brother and my father emerging from the building.

I remember what a sensation of ease, almost of luxury, it was to be able to walk, instead of having to run. I walked toward them, feeling the familiar gritting of the sand under my feet. Everything suddenly seemed familiar again: the street, the sand, the faces I saw, the lights of the cars, even the rifles and uniforms.

We got the rest of the story from my father when we came home. He had been reading, as we left him, when the phone rang. It was the police.

"Look, there's trouble reported from your premises down here. We want you to come down right away."

"What sort of trouble?"

"What sort of trouble do you think?" the policeman shouted in anger. "Trouble with the kaffirs. We want you there. If we've got to smash your place up, we want you there—"

"I'll come down right away."

The policeman was unexpectedly and urgently solicitous. "Hey, look, you mustn't go down by yourself. Stop here at the police station, on your way down."

"All right," my father said.

Then he went into the back yard and knocked on the door of Ben's room and asked Ben to go down with him. But Ben refused to go. "No, *baas*, I'm too frightened."

So he drove down by himself in the little car, and stopped, as he had been told to, at the police station.

There they had an alarming force waiting for him. Four white policemen, armed with rifles, one of them with a kind of hand-operated little searchlight slung around his waist, and no less than twelve black policemen, armed with heavy *kieries*, lined up on the pavement outside. They had telephoned for a patrol van to take this force down to the factory, but none had come, there had been some mistake. The station sergeant sat rapping at the telephone, trying to get through to headquarters; my father asked of them all, "What's happening? What are they doing at the factory?" but no one could answer him. "There's trouble," was all they said. "People phoned us up and said there was trouble." Still the patrol van did not come, and my father went on to the pavement and looked in the direction of the factory: he saw no flames, he heard no shouting, and the factory was not more than a few hundred yards away. The twelve black policemen who stood in file on the pavement looked in the same direction as my father, but made no comment.

But what he had seen gave my father courage to go back into the charge office and say, "Look, we could get there quicker by walking than by hanging around like this."

"Yes—and how do we get away?" one of the men asked, not the least ashamed of the point he was making.

"There's nothing there, it looks to me," my father said. But he was anxious about his property. "For God's sake, I can take you in my car." He had forgotten that he had come in the little car, but the station sergeant thought this an excellent idea. He went outside and told the black policemen that they were to follow the car of the *oubaas*; but his face fell when he saw the car my father had come in.

My father too was distressed. "Well, I can take three at least," he said.

Eventually it was agreed that three white policemen would go in the little car to the factory, and that the twelve black policemen would follow on foot. One white policeman dropped out of the party: the others began climbing into the car. But they were all big men, and the car was very small, and they couldn't get in until the station sergeant took their rifles from them, waited until each one was seated, and then passed them their rifles through the windows of the car. Even then they could not bring the rifles right into

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the car, and had to hold them sticking out of the windows, each one thrust out at a different angle.

The station sergeant came round to my father at the driver's window. "You're doing this voluntarily," he warned my father. "You offered the use of your car."

"All right, all right."

The station sergeant turned and yelled at the file of twelve black policemen. "You must run!" he shouted. "You must keep up with the car." To my father he said, "You must drive slowly, hey, so that they can keep up. It's for your own good, hey."

MY FATHER started the car, put it into gear, let the clutch out, and the car stalled. The twelve black policemen, who had been poised to start, relaxed. My father started the car again, and managed to get it crawling down the road; behind him there marched the twelve black policemen. By this time all the preparations had roused the interest of more than one passing pedestrian and motorist, who stood and watched the cortège go off. Inside the car the policemen shifted uncomfortably, their rifles scraping against the metal window frames and pointing in all directions around the car. My father drove on, battling to get the gear-lever to do what he wanted of it.

A few hundred yards beyond the police station the road goes into a subway, under the railway line, and the car trundled towards the subway and then ducked into it, going rapidly down, and more slowly up the other side. The twelve black policemen, who had broken into a run downhill, labored up the other side too. The car turned into the square, at the edge of which was the ramshackle brick building of the factory, with its corrugated iron roof and its fence around the yard. It was dark and silent, and no one moved on the wide, sandy expanse of the square between the factory and the railway line. My father was told to pull up at the entrance to the factory yard, and to wait until the twelve black policemen had caught up with them. This they soon did, puffing a little, and then the white policemen started struggling to release themselves from the little car. They could do it, in the end, only after my father had gone round from window to window, collecting the rifles which they handed to him, and which they claimed from him once they were all out.

"Now through this gate, through the back, this way," one of the policemen commanded; and my father unlocked the swinging gates to the yard, and the policeman with the searchlight switched it on. The beam of light leaped across the yard, and the other men also pulled out pocket torches, and shone them to the right and left of the beam from the searchlight. All sixteen of them moved together, rifles or *kieries* in their right hands, torches in their left. The light of the searchlight went far ahead of them, over the stacks of lucerne, the outlet pipes of the lucerne-mill, the weighbridge: it could stare only in one place at a time, but every corner that it touched it filled with light, and it swung this way and that, occasionally doing a quick sweep round, even behind them, as they moved cautiously forward.

"Those sheds," the leading policeman said, and the ragged arc of sixteen men swung to the left, across the yard, to the row of sheds. In the first shed, the one used as a dormitory, there was no one at all: everyone who lived there seemed to be out for the night. The second shed was used for storing empty grain bags—there were stacks and stacks of empty bags laid flat and piled on top of one another. The policemen jostled into the shed, and looked about it, and they were beginning to crowd their way out of it again when one of the stacks started to sway, and then with no sound at all began to fall towards them. All fifteen policemen seemed to shout at one moment, torches went clattering as rifles were grasped in both hands; the beam of the searchlight beat itself against the bags and the corrugated iron wall of the shed. The stack fell slowly, soundlessly, from the top downward: some moments had passed before it had fallen far enough over to reveal the two crouching figures who had sheltered behind it.

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There was another shout from the policemen, and one darted forward and lifted one of the two figures by the back of the neck. The man was naked, but for the grain bag which he held in front of his loins. The woman next to him was naked too. But her grain bag, when she was dragged to her feet, she held at the neck and let hang as far down her body as it could reach.

The searchlight shone straight at them, and in the beam of light both figures were reduced to a uniform colorlessness, but for the glitter from their eyes and the teeth in their appalled, open mouths. The glitter at the eyes twitched as they blinked, twitched again. To the right and the left of them were the rifles pointing, the *kieries* raised, the ribs of corrugated iron striped in light and shade. My father made his way between the weapons, and when he saw him among the weapons, the male figure squirmed fiercely in the grip of the policeman and shouted between a wild despair and a hope as wild, "Dammit, *baas*, it is only Phineas!"

My father leaned forward to have a closer look at the man. "It's all right," he said. "I know him. He works here."

"And this one," the policeman said, shaking the woman in his grasp.

"No, I don't know her. She doesn't work for me."

Phineas was one of the youngest of the employees, and one of the most stupid. No thought of the previous night's riot had been permitted by Phineas to disturb him from the planning and the execution of his embraces, but to disturb them nevertheless there had come three white policemen with rifles and a searchlight, twelve black policemen with *kieries*, and my father.

So back they all went to the little car, and when they reached the police station they found waiting for them the patrol van, which could more comfortably have taken them to the factory and back again than the little car, and an ambulance, and half a dozen parked cars belonging to people who were still waiting patiently to see the disasters which the presence of the ambulance had promised them. The arrival of the little car, with its rifles sticking out of the windows, was greeted with much excitement; the precision-marching of the twelve black policemen raised some favorable comment; and excited voices called out, "That's the way to treat them," and, "They'll cut our throats if we give them a chance," and, "The trouble's just beginning, you mark my words."

"WHAT happened to Phineas's woman?" I asked my father, when he had told us his story.

"They let her go."

"And Phineas?"

"They let him go too. He wouldn't stop crying," my father said. "He got a hell of a fright."

"Like us."

My father nodded. "What I don't understand is why those people next door phoned up and said there was trouble. How much noise could Phineas and that woman have been making?" he asked, reasonably enough.

"I don't know. Everyone's pretty tense."

And Eddie said: "You can't take risks at a time like this."

Then we took Eddie home. When the car stopped his girl friend came running down the path to Eddie, and took him by the hand. "I've been so worried," she said. "You shouldn't have gone."

"I had to go," Eddie said simply. He was holding her with one arm round her back; in his other hand he held the rifle. He turned to say goodbye to us.

"Thanks very much for the help," I said. I felt I should apologize to him. But for what? That there had not been another riot? That it had all been merely the night after the riot, Phineas's night out?

But Eddie did not seem to think an apology was called for. "Oh, everyone helps," he said modestly.

"Phineas too, in his way," my brother added, as we drove home.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

"A GOOD PIECE OF GOODS"

The Happy Shopper Off Fifth Avenue

MIDGE DECTER

MY MOTHER, who lives in the Midwest, spends a good deal of time during her visits to New York in shopping around for bargains. Through the years she has managed to find an impressive number of those places where, "they say," you can pick up all sorts of special buys in hats, shoes, bags, linens, and what-not. With her it is mostly a matter of sport: her home town, which is not small, can offer her everything she might possibly need or want in the way of stores and goods, but the formality and stodginess of its business traditions leave unsatisfied her basically Arab instincts. And then all the hustle and bustle that gives her so much fun also serves to feed her Midwestern patriotic sense of superiority over life in New York. She never actually buys very much, but she always has a story to tell.

Just recently she was regaling the family with an account of what happened that day at a dress sale in one of our notoriously typical stores. She had taken from a rack one dress she liked very much, which was being sold at a great reduction in price. Only, a couple of the buttons were missing. She approached the salesgirl about it, but the salesgirl was indifferent to her problem. So she asked to see the manager. The manager was a young man in shirtsleeves. He said they hadn't any extra buttons. My mother said in that case how about giving her something additional off the price.

"Lady," she mimicked him in her own special version of a New York accent, "we're giving away the dress now. Look at the ticket. It's marked 'As Is.'"

"But I'd like to buy that dress very much."

"Lady, you're an intelligent woman."

"But those buttons are half the dress—they make the whole effect. How can I wear it without them? And it would cost me a fortune to replace a button like that!"

"And what do you think he said to me then?" she asked.

"He said," I answered quite without thinking, "'Darling, do what you want. But I'll tell you one thing. You'll leave the store right now and you'll take a walk over to the Ritz Plaza, and that dress will get there before you—without the buttons.'"

"No," she said, "Waldorf. Not Ritz Plaza. He said the Waldorf. But how did you know?"

"I would have said Ritz Plaza myself. But then, times do change," I told her. "You've forgotten that I'm an old pro."

I HAD almost forgotten myself, but her mention of the young man in shirtsleeves brought back all at once the time four years ago when I took a job as sales clerk in the Queens branch of Jays Department Store (main headquarters Brooklyn). It was in November, some time before Thanksgiving, and the stores were all hiring temporary people to help out in the Christmas rush. I happened to pick Jays because the store was walking distance from my home. I might have made more money than the bare-

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ly minimal 85 cents an hour Jays offered by getting on some bus and riding to Jamaica, say, or Hempstead. As it was, I simply walked over to the store one Friday morning, presented my credentials (which were, by the going standards of Christmas sales help, considerable: several years of after-school clerking in my father's ready-to-wear) to the personnel department, and walked home again with instructions to appear the following Monday, a round lapel-button with my name stamped on it, and a key which entitled me to half the space of a coat locker in the basement.

Jays is one of those serve-yourself ladies'-wear stores—whose progenitor, I guess, is S. Klein—that specialize in manufacturers' closeouts, special buys, "name" merchandise with torn-out labels, cheap copies of expensive or high-style items, and assorted leavings and giblets from the cutting-tables. It is well known among inveterate lady shoppers that at Jays or Mays or Klein's or Ohrbach's you can, but with a little patience and perseverance, buy everything at from three to fifty dollars cheaper than in the Fifth Avenue stores—a piece of common knowledge sturdily reinforced by the merchandising technique that crushes hundreds of unlike things together on small racks or piles them shoulder-high on counters, provides almost no salespeople and absolutely no salesmanship, and permits the preying instinct of shopping women its full scope.

I had heard much about Jays from friends and neighbors—though I had never had the occasion to shop there myself—but I did not stop to connect the nature of the store with the nature of my future employment. I simply assumed that all clerking was like that I knew so well from my father's small store, where every good sale was a personal accomplishment and where such things as good will and service were essential to a business reputation. I told the personnel manager of my vast experience with coats and suits (which was a lie) and expected that Jays would exploit my talents to the fullest. I was assigned, however, not to the Fireside Room with its reputed $200 models for $89.50, but to Budget Slips, main floor.

Jays Queens, after the fashion of all suburban branches of big department stores, was a rather new two-story structure with a bus route before and a gigantic parking lot behind. Budget Slips was a square-shaped counter on the aisle directly in line with the back doors. Our merchandise was laid out on counter tops around the four sides, with shelf space for extra stock below the counters and inside the display case that stood in the middle. We sold full-slips, half-slips, some nightgowns, and (then in the first flush of a long-term vogue) crinolines.

MONDAY was a great day at Jays. The store was open until nine o'clock at night, and teemed with bargains. Almost every department put out Monday "leaders" that served to keep hordes of women milling through the place from the opening bell to the closing. There were nylon stockings at three pairs for $1, cashmere sweaters for $7.95, hand-finished all-silk blouses for $2.99, and countless other standard specials. Our own contribution to the fracas was $1 slips. These slips were thrown out hurriedly before opening on the counter end that faced the rear entrance and parking lot. So that when the doors finally gave way beneath the weight and force of the at least five hundred early-comers, we were the first department to be swooped down upon. The ladies used literally to tear through the intervening Mens-wear (a small and unimportant department, a bone, really, thrown to Jays' claim of being a family store) in order to get first choice on our sizes and colors. Those Monday mornings are like a dream to me. I can hardly remember anything about them except the pure physical sensation of stooping, squatting, tearing open boxes, and handing up tons and tons of rayon acetate into grasping outstretched hands. I very quickly learned how to crouch below the counter where the cartons of reserves were kept and yell "Call your sizes!" throwing up the goods in the direction I thought I heard the requests come from. It was easier this way, for me and the customers, than trying to find the needed 44-pink or 38-blue in the chaos of the counter. I cannot imagine that those poor, fragile rags ever made it in one piece to the cashier's counter, but then anyway they could never have survived their first wearing. The ladies knew this about them, too—they would joke about it as they reached for their second or third slip—but nothing mattered: the Monday fever was upon us all. We at Jays took our eminently success-

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ful stand on the principle that "for a dollar you can't go wrong."

On my first morning, then, I was directed to my station, introduced to Pearl and Hazel, my counter mates, and hurled straightaway into my Monday dream. There hadn't even been time to give me some orientation in practices and procedures. All that could come later (though by the time it did, it was no longer necessary). The first thing I realized was that as a sales clerk it was not my function to complete any transaction. Jays was organized, as are all such stores, like a supermarket. The customer walked around taking whatever she wanted and carried it to a cashier, who took her money and wrapped up her purchase. Obviously in such a system the problem of theft is enormous, but so far as I ever knew it was handled at Jays with brilliant success. You could roam about as much as you pleased and pick up as much as you pleased before buying, but you could not go from one floor to another with unwrapped merchandise, and no cashier could complete a sale on anything that was not properly ticketed. Any item that came to a cashier without a price ticket or with the ticket pinned loosely or looking in any way suspicious (where there might be the possibility of its having been "switched," that is, taken off something cheap and fastened onto something much more expensive) was taken immediately to the floor manager—the clerks were never permitted to touch a ticket and would have been fired on the spot for doing so—and correctly priced for sale. After the day's sales had been totalled up for the entire store, the ticket stubs removed by the cashier and deposited in the register were sorted and returned to the departments from which the merchandise had been taken. These tiny tickets contained in code a precise description of the items they priced, so that without any duplicate sales slips whatsoever, each department knew exactly how many of what had been sold the day before.

My job was merely to direct the customer to what she wanted, provide the correct size (or talk her into buying the available size-too-small) and, if I had time, try to interest her in buying the stuff we had a hard time getting rid of. The prices in Budget Slips ranged, with one or two exceptions, from $1 (on Mondays) or $1.99 (on all other days) all the way up to $3.69, so there was generally very little any of us had to do but keep a mechanical watch on our stock, maintain some kind of order, and hop around continuously, handing things to people. Pearl was as new to the store as I. She had previously worked in a small dress shop in Forest Hills, but had had to quit, she confided to me, because the sudden death of her husband had left her too shocked and too "nervous" for all that responsibility. "You call this retailing?" she grumbled to me when there was a moment of quiet (always to be utilized for folding and piling). "Why, my boss used to go to Florida for a month every winter and leave me with his store. Why, he used to come to me every other day with some horror of a dress he had bought and say 'Pearl, what am I going to do with this dog? Pearl, you're the only one who can make this dog walk!' " Pearl always wore a long, freshly sharpened pencil stuck through her chignon as an announcement of her former superior dignity. Hazel, a quiet-spoken spinster who had been working in the store for two years, was bitter, too, but from the other side. Hazel was a careful and conscientious woman, clearly intended to be one of the producers, not distributors, of this world. Her complaints went to the very heart of the enterprise, the necessity for having customers at all. "They're a bunch of animals," she told me. "For two years now I have been straightening around this place, putting sizes together and styles together, stacking things diagonally with the tickets all showing, so you'd think they could find exactly what they want and just take it. But no, they have to flip through everything, pull it apart, and change their minds a thousand times. And wait till you see that Manny!" she finally exploded. "He's the buyer. He has no manners at all!"

We were given half an hour for lunch and half an hour in reliefs, fifteen minutes in the morning, fifteen in the afternoon: all duly recorded by timeclock and card. The rule was you could not leave your counter without having in your possession a little white slip stating your destination and time of leaving the floor, signed by your section manager (a young girl whose sole function, it appeared, was to keep tabs in this way on the personal urges and habits of the help).

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I was reluctant to leave the counter that first day. For one thing, in putting my coat away when I arrived, I had cast my eye over the lounging facilities provided for our relief time: two wooden benches subtly placed beneath the timeclock; and I had also caught a whiff from the other side of the locker-room wall of the cafeteria vegetable chowder and creamed canned corn and stewed tomatoes being prepared for lunch. But my inability to survive for three hours without a smoke finally drove me downstairs. (Later on, when I was feeling quite at home in Jays, I learned several techniques for sneaking a puff or two in the stockroom—at a fearful hazard to life and goods.) There I took my place on one of the benches with several weary-looking women and listened to lurid tales about customers' abuses, the main source of sociable conversation among Jays' employees. One of the women, who worked in Childrenswear, sat rubbing a bruised shin. The children, she said, monster offspring of those monstrous mothers, all kicked her.

"THAT Manny," about whom Hazel had so passionately warned me, was our buyer. His domain was lingerie: Budget Slips, Better Slips (our modest, self-effacing sisters across the way), Robes (a couple of standing racks near the front door) and Panties (a big open table three aisles over). Manny appeared after a couple of days. He had been away "at the market." The first thing he did was run his hand through the open slips and bellow "Too thin. Too thin. Fill out this goods. Get the stuff out here on the counter. Let 'em see it, let 'em have it. Pull out those crinolines there. Give 'em sizes, give 'em colors." He was a big man and heavy, put together with a peculiar combination of obesity and athletic hardness. His face was rather coarse, but not mannish coarse, girlish coarse: too much lips, too soft; too large eyes; too pink cheeks, too soft again. He spoke with the heavy dentalization of East Brooklyn, and had a voice commensurate. There were several customers at the counter. I saw Hazel flinch and then caught the cold stare, from over by the escalator, of Miss Hardman, the floor manager, the Forces of Law and Order.

To say that Manny was a buyer and had been at the market might be misleading. These words tend to conjure up images set by ordinary retailing, images of a carpeted office, of four-times-a-year attendance at merchandising shows, of expense accounts and tickets to *My Fair Lady*. The buying for Jays was a week by week affair (sometimes, when the rush got heavy, it was day by day). Since a store of this sort depended entirely on the goods that were immediately at hand when the hands were there to snatch them, and on the grandiose claims that could be made for them, the buyers in fact ran the business, you might say, *were* the business. They had to know at every minute what was being bought, and why, even what was being said by the customers that might augur something for the future—and the future at Jays was tomorrow, not next season. Every woman who walked away from a counter not having found something to please her was accounted a sale lost for all time, and represented the buyer's personal failure to provide. Though the table of organization at Jays might have looked very much like that of Macy's or Altman's—it boasted clerks, section managers, floor managers, a display department, and so on—there was a crucial difference of weight: the buyers were in effect tenant-proprietors. Manny's office, not to be too romantic about it, was a packing-case in the stockroom with a telephone and a clip-board holding the data sheets on yesterday's sales. Most of his time was actually spent on the floor, rushing around from one of his wards to the other filling in the dwindling stock and seeing that the girls handled it right, often stopping to help out with the customers.

It took about five minutes to see and understand the nature of Manny's irascibility with the girls, part of what Hazel called his bad manners (the other part was simply his intensely personal interest in the business, something startling in a place that pretends to be a respectably systematic world of employees). He wanted them to love his slips, to love his business, to be unhappy, not relieved as they were, when things got slow, and above all to keep him accurately informed about what they needed in the way of stock. He wanted them, in short, to be retailers. The first thing he said when we were introduced was "Ask me questions—for Chrissakes, keep on asking questions!"

His name was Emanuel Lisitsky; and we

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were, in a compromise gesture toward the awkwardness and time-consuming nature of "Lisitsky," to call him Mr. L. We never managed to. Hazel coldly and scrupulously used his full name, Pearl and I slipped into "Manny."

FROM that very first moment on, Manny's presence involved us in a special kind of battle on main floor. Do not get the impression, from the descriptions of cashiers' counters and crowded racks, that the store was an honest and forthright "shlak" enterprise. It wasn't. The fittings and arrangements and displays, while not elegant, were sufficient to give the illusion that this was a department store like all others. The building was new and bright; our floors shone and our mannequins all had freshly curled hair. And the managerial forces, so efficiently impersonated by Miss Hardman and her platoon of hangers-on, persisted, against both the frank behavior of the customers and the pressuring tactics of the buyers, to uphold Jays' dignity. Four times a day Miss Hardman came and instructed us to clean up the counter that had just been thrown into a tousled intimacy by Manny, or to tape up the boxes he had just ripped open. "Your stock will get soiled!" she would glower in Fifth Avenue consternation. She was capable of talking about our bits and pieces with crooked seams, mismatched fronts and backs, and sewed-up rips with the hauteur of a Ceil Chapman, and I had to admire her for it. Instinct told me, though—the customers themselves told me, who regarded soilage as only additional psychological reassurance in their game of getting something for nothing—that she, and the poor frenzied Hazel, represented the wrong principle. But instinct or no, she was one of the bosses. We had no choice but to shuttle back and forth between Manny's sincerity and Eleanor Hardman's pretensions, throwing stock out and putting it back: Pearl moving around with firm deliberation, brandishing her useless pencil, and Hazel bursting into tears at least once a day. A certain shortness of temper always underlay relations at Jays—from bosses to clerks to customers and back again; this split personality of ours accounted for a good part of it.

As Christmas came closer and closer, things reached an unbelievable pitch of intensity. We were open every night and busy every single minute. Still more help was taken on for the afternoons, mostly school kids. We tripped over one another in our confined quarters, now rendered even more confined by the presence of piles of boxes in our little back-of-the-counter corridor; and new shipments were arriving every day. Our stock and our custom changed composition slightly: we were doing a huge business in the size-range from 42-48, and in such formerly dead items as long-sleeved flannel nightshirts, camisoles, and wide-strapped cotton slips—Christmas gifts for old grandmothers and cleaning women. For the imminent approach of New Year's Eve, our crinoline section was mobbed from morning till night. Through it all the public address system, ordinarily used to announce the store's closing in ten minutes, was piping music, Christmas carols and currently popular recordings.

And Manny was blooming. Shirt sleeves rolled up, face flushed, mountains of boxes balanced on his shoulders, he literally danced from counter to counter, yelling at the salesgirls in great good humor and urging on the customers. Christmas was clearly Manny's great season. We were doing a fantastic business in our little corner (he once told me the average daily figures; they meant nothing to me as I had no standard to judge by, but my father, when I repeated them to him, clapped both hands to his cheeks) and that was supposed to mean a great big bonus. But money was not the main thing with Manny. When, the week before Christmas, the Queens buyers were informed by Jays' owner, Mr. Jay Goldstein, that there were to be no bonuses distributed that year—in Queens we were flourishing, but the Brooklyn store had had a bad year and there was no money in the till for extras—the boys were all thrown into a terrible funk. For days they walked around quiet and petulant, or stood around on the floor in groups of two or three whispering angrily. All, that is, but Manny. He continued his waltz through main floor, commenting only "I do all right, I do *all* right. Uncle Jay'll take care of me some day. He'll be good for it."

Success in the organization did not immediately matter, either. You had but to see him in the lunchroom sitting with the smartly dressed, pale counterparts of himself (the

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buyers always ate together at a special table) to understand that Manny had nothing to worry about and that he knew it: eating fast, talking expansively—I can still see him at that table, shouting about something and gesticulating with a fork from which there always dangled a floppy uncut lettuce leaf. He understood, and just looking at him you understood, that everybody else in the whole crazy world of retailing could be dispensed with and Manny would go on standing by a slips counter or some other counter, any kind, somewhere, chanting "Here they are, girls, right here. Call it out and we got it. They're fabulous! Fabulous!"

That Christmas rush was for him its own meaning. He was a man whose business was to do business, and he was doing it. "Look at 'em, Dex-tuh," he would coo every morning before opening time, pointing to the huge crowd already pushing against the doors. "They're all ours. A sure thing, sure as the roses in May, sure as a pregnant woman at a shorty nightgown coun-tuh." Or he would come by later in the day and say, "Listen, Dex-tuh baby, my own true love, I'm getting sick of that line of rayon tricot we carry. Let's clear it out of here by tonight. To hell with nylon this afternoon, and let's push the tricot, huh. Will you do that for me, baby?" "Take my hand," some crooner was pleading through the loudspeaker, and Manny chimed in with a surprisingly sweet voice, "I'm a stranger in paradise"—all the while spattering the corals and aquas of the rayon tricots up and down the length of the counter. He was in paradise, all right, but to this particular selling-man's dream of a paradise no one could be a stranger for long. Even Hazel got infected. She stayed close to the crinolines, laughing at the sight of herself covered with the sparkly stuff that was supposed to decorate the net under-skirts but that long before lay in little piles over everything, or recounting in mock horror case after case of some 250-pound woman who insisted on buying one of the stiff petticoats to give herself that "bouffant look."

Pushing the rayon tricot was easy. (We never did sell it out, of course; because the minute he saw that it was moving well, Manny hurried into the stockroom and telephoned the manufacturer for more.) Pushing anything was easy during those days, but anyway I had been taking lessons from the champion. I could never bring myself to begin shouting at the passers-by, as I had seen him do so often, things like "Right over here, girls!" I had tried it once or twice and had been defeated by the sickly, uncertain sound of my voice. But hawking wasn't really a necessary part of Manny's system, just something that happened to suit *his* style. The secret was conviction. Bargain-hunters are a breed of people in search for conviction; this fact is the very meaning of a store like Jays. A woman who intends to buy a black dress, size 16, will walk into any dress department, go to the rack marked "16," and choose a black dress if she finds one to her liking. But a woman who is "out shopping"—even if she has the pretext of some specific quest—will naturally gravitate to the kind of store whose goods are all lying out in readiness and shrieking for her recognition. Because what the "shopper," as distinct from the mere statistical "consumer," is really looking for is—anything at all that will relieve the terrible pressure on her to take possession of some of this world's goods and pass others by.

It is hard to describe concretely how a sales clerk communicates the conviction needed to draw customers to her wares (at Jays you only had to pull three or four customers together; that was enough to create the ensuing mob). She need not, as I said, actually call to them. But there is a way of suddenly beginning to put forward an item, to fold and unfold, shake it out, to be busy and intent over it, and there is a way of looking—knowing, superior, as if one has just discovered the importance of something neglected—that no free-floating buyer can resist. The women would begin to squeal at me, "Oh, is it *really* a bargain?" and I knew I had them. "Oh, honey, please give me one from the bottom!"

PUSHING dead stock at Christmas-time was easy, all right; it was being pushed by the living that got to be a nightmare. I tried to avoid the crinolines as much as possible. Because the women weren't taking those petticoats (stiff ones to flare at the waist or tight ones to flare at the knees or soft ones with ribbons and spangles to provide "a tantalizing glimpse of color beneath the lifted skirt") from us; they were killing us to get

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their hands on them: kids in bobby sox, elegant ladies in Fireside Room finery, and Hazel's pets, the 200-pounders, elbow to elbow. The crinolines were kept in large deep cartons, standing up so as not to lose their shape, and once I was actually tumbled head first into a carton, my feet waving in the air.

"Attagirl, Dex-tuh," roared Manny, slapping my thigh in pure fraternal enthusiasm. "She really goes after the stuff. But I mean."

"That happens to be one stuff you couldn't get me after even for the Baltimore Cotillion!" I came up with a mouthful of spangles and paste.

"Now, now," Manny suddenly stopped smiling. "That happens to be a good piece of goods."

I shut up immediately. One kept forgetting about the irrepressible Manny that with him the joke always had a fixed limit, just at the point of his buying. He didn't care about the slips themselves—they could have been hardware—but he was dead humorless about his claims for them. In Jays we had three classifications for our merchandise: ordinary stock was "fabulous"—fabulous was routine, nobody much minded about fabulous; something that turned out to be a pretty good buy was "mad"—for mad you had to have at least a modicum of respect; but a feat of buying, one of those real triumphs which by themselves alone could have justified our reputation, choked us into inarticulateness. "A good piece of goods," Manny had said. That was the highest. A cowed silence was the only acceptable response.

I do not mean to be laughing now, either. Manny was right: it was a good piece of goods. The thing may have crumbled to pieces in one's hands, it may have disappeared completely in the first strong wind, but that would not have altered its value for us in the least. When you stand behind a counter, you have to have your own true and your own beautiful that have nothing to do with any other systems of judgment. Something sells, therefore it is beautiful, and sells at a proper per cent of mark-up, therefore it is valuable. You have to have them, not only in a flamboyant enterprise like Jays, but in order to sell anything anywhere. Personal preference is a matter for the customers out there—and not even for them, poor beset creatures, because they end up buying just what is mostly being bought. Retailing, however subsidiary and dependent its function in the national economy, is an absolutely closed system: what is selling is what is good is what is selling.

THE day of Christmas Eve, at about four in the afternoon, a peaceful silence suddenly descended on Jays. The orgy was spent. We knew the quiet would extend through the next few weeks; even our Monday-morning regulars would have neither the cash nor the energy to face us for a while. I received a box of Loft's chocolates, and in my pay envelope was enclosed a mimeographed letter that said: Dear Temporary Employee, It has been a pleasure having you with us. Won't you please stay on to help us with our gift exchanges, which will bring your term of employment to January 15th. Thank you for your help. Think of us next year, etc.

Manny wished me luck and said, "We'll be seeing you around here in the mob, Dex-tuh. I'm gonna get you into one of those petticoats yet."

"Oh, no," I was shaking my head, "once I step out from behind this counter, I'm not coming back. I can't afford to shop in a place like this. Too poor. You guys would do me in."

I meant it, and I have never since set foot in the place.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

FROM THE "DIARY OF JUSTINA"

A Story of the Jewish Underground

THE so-called "Diary of Justina," whose Hebrew version appeared in Israel in 1953, is an account, written down *after* the events, of episodes in the activities of the Zionist underground during the war days in occupied Poland. Its author was Gusta Davidson, one of the leaders of the Zionist Youth Fighters Organization in Cracow. She is "Justina," writing of herself in the third person. The cryptonym was, of course, for conspiratorial reasons, and she gave her comrades like names; her husband, Simon Dranger, appears as "Marek."

The memoirs were first published in Poland in 1946, in the original Polish, but with many omissions and errors. The Hebrew version is true to the original manuscript, now in the possession of the Ghetto Fighters House in Haifa. The text has been brilliantly edited by Nachman Blumenthal, who supplied footnotes and valuable background material.

"Justina" wrote down her memoirs in a Nazi prison (between January 20 and April 29, 1943), on the toilet paper distributed to the women inmates. She was then twenty-six years old, a woman of exceptional culture as well as courage. Gusta Davidson's brilliant literary gift had been put to the service of the Zionist youth before the war, when she edited their Polish-language organ. She did not intend her "Diary" to be a personal account, centering around her own personality. Rather, it was her purpose to leave a record faithful to the reality of the Jewish underground movement. Like her comrades, she was certain that the Polish Jewish community was doomed, could only "die with honor and not be led to the slaughter like sheep." And people had to be warned of what was impending. In describing a conversation with her husband—"Marek"—at the start of the large-scale deportations in June 1942, "Justina" makes him say: "We have to go from town to town and explain to people that this is no deportation but an execution. They must not be allowed to fool themselves into thinking that they are endangering anything by offering resistance."

The "Diary of Justina" is thus a statement of the inner life of the Jewish underground movement. Not merely what this youth did, but how they felt, is described in subtle detail. The memoirs poignantly reflect the paradox of a Jewish youth movement forced by the requirements of conspiracy to conceal its Jewish identity.

Gusta Davidson and her husband were the last of the group to die. They had been imprisoned first in September 1939; on their release they rushed directly into the underground work, living the double life of Jews and "Aryans." They moved from place to place, organizing the underground units, forging papers, planning for active resistance. In January 1943 they were again imprisoned, but escaped simultaneously. Finally, one day early in December 1943, Simon Dranger was again arrested by the Gestapo. A few days later, on December 11, Gestapo agents came to Gusta Davidson with a letter from her husband—that was part of the pact between them. This time there was no escape. They were both executed.

The section below is from Chap. XII of the Hebrew version, in my translation; it is printed by permission of the Ghetto Fighters House. Another selection will appear in this department next month.—JACOB SLOAN.

THEY were four when they left: Benek, Adash, Zigmunt, and Ignatz. They came to a dense forest, and looked around for a spot where they could hide out. They found the right place. No one ever came there. They pitched their tent and went to work. For days they measured the ground, drew maps, studied the whole terrain. They carefully noted the objects they would have to keep in mind during the operation. They set up strategic bases, fixed strong points, explored the area for tens of kilometers around. They built dugouts, preparing the ground for the oper-

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ation. All the time they stayed in the woods; it was their whole world. They never stopped outside of it, never went into the village.

Danger lurked in the village, which had been alerted. The entire neighborhood appeared to be deserted. The roads were empty, nobody ever passed through, day and night there was silence. Anyone caught outside the huts was immediately suspect. The fear of partisans was all around. Every stranger was suspected of being a potential fighter, if not an active agent parachuted down from an enemy plane. No papers did any good then—suspicion meant certain execution. Not even the farmers could move freely.

In any case, the boys had no longing to be where people lived. They were happy in the forest, they did not miss people, noise, sociability. The days passed in work.

But on Tuesday they ran out of food. They had to go to the village. Benek and Ignatz left at dusk. Darkness fell before they emerged from the woods. A poor hovel loomed through the gray autumn evening. They stole into it. They sat down at the table. The room was dark. A small gas lamp hanging on the wall gave a dim light. A cricket chirped outside. They sat dumbly. Suddenly there was a loud banging. A gendarme stood in the doorway, a policeman at his shoulder. A third figure was in the background, outside—who was it? A forester with a rifle on his shoulder. Three against two. Apparently it hadn't been dark enough for the boys to escape notice, someone had seen them on the way. They had been informed on. The three stood in line, rifles cocked. They were all prepared. The boys didn't move. They just sat as they were, their hands in their pockets. They glanced with indifference at the arrivals. You might have thought the amazement on their faces was only feigned, as though they couldn't perceive the connection between their sitting there and the appearance of three armed men.

They calculated their chances; obviously the armed men were at an advantage. Attacking them would be pure madness. Open battle was out of the question. There was no choice but to wait for their chance. The silence rang in their ears. Their eyes measured the situation; the lamp on the wall guttered.

"Get up!" the gendarme commanded hoarsely. They got up heavily.

"Papers!"

Very slowly they put their hands in their pockets. Moving deliberately, they laid their papers on the table. They didn't hurry.

Rough hands grabbed them.

"You have any arms?"

"No!"

"Show us—right now!"

"We'll show you," muttered Benek.

The gendarme glared. "Get undressed!"

Benek bent over; three rifles were pointed at his head. He pretended unconcern. He moved slowly. First he would take his boots off. Which first? Perhaps the right. He had trouble pulling it off. Something was stuck there. A strong tug. Here it is! He pulled out a pistol. He straightened up. A shot. Perfect hit. The tall gendarme fell. The place was full of blood. The other two froze where they stood, motionless. They were paralyzed with surprise. Their fingers were rigid on the triggers. There was a second shot. This one was wide of the mark. The bullet struck the policeman's right hand. He fell against the wall and fainted.

At that moment the third man came to. He pointed his weapon at Benek.

It was the decisive moment.

Ignatz stood to the side. He had no weapon. In the forest the four of them had had only two pistols. One had been left behind, they had taken one with them. Ignatz stood there, powerless. He clenched his fists, bit his lips, just looked. He saw everything, and couldn't do a thing. It was the most terrible moment of his life.

Another fraction of a second and the rifle would shoot, straight at Benek's back. If Ignatz only had a weapon. . . . He could knock the third man out in a second and they could escape. He could get him without any trouble. But his clenched fists were empty. His eyes were fixed on the forester. His whole anguished frustration was concentrated in his eyes. He breathed heavily. Benek's life hung on a hair, in a fraction of a second the worst would happen. It seemed to him ages, an eternity. And it was only a brief second, the flicker of an eyelash.

There was a shot, Benek crumpled and fell. The thud of the body pulled Ignatz out of his daze. It was his turn. He straightened up, erect with pride. He was ready.

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All that evening the others waited in the forest for Benek and Ignatz to return. Every now and then they left their shack. They listened. It was past midnight. A dark night. Where had they strayed off to? Zig went looking for them. He came back depressed. There was nothing they could do. They had to wait till morning. They forgot how hungry and tired they were. They could not lie down to get some sleep. A growing unrest gnawed at their hearts. The light went out, cold seeped into their bones. Dawn found them completely exhausted.

No doubt of it, something had happened in the village. But they forced themselves not to act too soon. They decided to wait till the afternoon. The hours crawled, like an eternity.

The sun was high in the sky by the time they started out. Cautiously, they approached the edge of the forest. They moved slowly, without creating the slightest rustle. Not a living soul in sight. It was as though the village was dead. Suddenly, the figure of a farmer loomed in the distance. They recognized him. They emerged from the thicket, one at a time. He noticed them, and quickly came toward them. He nodded, winking mysteriously, and put his finger on his lips in a cautionary sign.

"Stay away from the village, friends."

"Why?"

"They're sniffing around like dogs there today."

"What's happened?"

"Yesterday. In my hut," he lowered his voice, "two young fellows were shot, brave boys."

Adash and Zigmunt looked at one another.

"Did you know them?"

"They came to my place every once in a while."

"What were their names?"

"I don't know," he gestured.

"What did they look like?"

He described them in detail. There was no doubt—Benek and Ignatz were no longer alive.

"They died bravely . . . like heroes. *Our boys,*" he whispered, and reflected for a brief moment. "Stay out of the village," he repeated the warning. "It's a shame about you, gentlemen."

He turned on his heel, and quickly left.

They went back to the forest; there was nothing left for them to do. They couldn't manage anything, just the two of them. Besides, they had to report to headquarters. They had to share their pain with someone.

They waited in the forest several hours longer. When evening fell, they crept off to the railroad station.

Friday morning they presented themselves in Cracow.

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ON THE HORIZON

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Jewish Life in Modern France

EDOUARD RODITI

A COUPLE of years ago, an American Jewish resident of Paris happened one evening to be a guest in a French home where she met a prominent French Jewish lawyer, one of the leading figures in the Paris branch of the Anti-Defamation League. The American lady expressed surprise at hearing that such an organization existed at all in France. "Then why," she exclaimed, "have you not yet taken any steps to protest against the hundreds of anti-Semitic slogans that are scrawled on the walls of the passages of the Paris métro stations?" Her French acquaintance seemed puzzled by her remarks. The very next day she took him to the swank Franklin-Roosevelt subway station on the Champs Elysées which thousands of American tourists use each week, and showed him the Jew-baiting inscriptions that defaced its walls. He was horrified. On his normal round of business, he explained, he never took the Paris métro, but went about the city in his private car.

This little incident casts light on the basic inadequacy of much recent French Jewish literature. Too often, it is written by well-to-do members of the upper bourgeoisie who erroneously assume that they speak for all those other Jews of France who must daily face the insults and humiliations which "carriage-trade" Jews are spared and may even ignore. But France is a nation where old issues do not die as long as they retain some nuisance value. The anti-Semitism of the Dreyfus era remains in the air, even today, much as the royalist issue is still no less alive in France (over a hundred years after the expulsion of the last French king) than in Italy, where the last king abdicated a bare fifteen years ago. In the atmosphere of frustration and hatred bred by the conflicts and confusions of French politics, anti-Semitism and a number of other issues which, in any other country, might long ago have become obsolete, still retain enough vitality to assume at any moment a virulent form.

Anti-Semitism did indeed assume such a form in many sections of the population under the German occupation. Even today it is almost impossible to enter a public lavatory in Paris—one of "those circular cottages," as Djuna Barnes has called them, that grace the sidewalks of the French capital—without having to read on its walls some such remark as *Mort aux Juifs* ("Death to Jews") or an equation such as *Juifs: voleurs* ("Jews: thieves"). Paris is now the only capital in Western Europe where you are sure to find invitations to a pogrom scrawled on the walls of almost any subway station or public toilet, and where swastikas are still chalked on the walls of buildings or on the asphalt of sidewalks. Nowhere in Western Germany—or in Austria, Holland, Belgium, or Italy—does one encounter anything of the sort, though one may come upon a few such slogans on the walls of London's East End slums, or in French-

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BORN in Paris of American parents, and until recently resident in France, EDOUARD RODITI has previously appeared in COMMENTARY with essays and reviews of French and German literature, his latest contribution being in our January number. He is the author of a volume of poetry and a critical study of Oscar Wilde.

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speaking Switzerland, where many French fascists have found refuge. France thus remains the only Western European nation once dominated by Hitler that has not been thoroughly purged of this particularly obnoxious form of anti-Semitism.

PIERRE AUBERY'S *Milieux juifs de la France contemporaine** does not stoop to discuss latrinograms scrawled on what is called, in Djuna Barnes's *Nightwood*, "a bit of tin boarding," and neglects even to discuss any French writers who have concerned themselves with such unrefined phenomena. The failure of this book as a serious and objective sociological study can to a great extent be attributed to M. Aubery's unwillingness to come to grips with the real facts of the situation. A professor at Duke University and the author of a study on "Jewish Attitudes in French Politics" (*South Atlantic Quarterly*), Aubery fails to give statistics concerning the geographical, economic, or social distribution of the Jewish population of France, its age structure, its occupational patterns, etc., etc. He limits himself to an analysis, according to the traditional literary *explication de texte* method, of the implications of significant passages selected from the published writings of a certain number of French Jewish authors of the past fifty years. For social, cultural, economic, and other reasons too complex to discuss here, the "native" Alsatian Jewish community and the "immigrant" East European community (mainly of Jews from former Czarist Russia and Poland) have generally been far more vocal than the other less educated or less intellectual Jewish communities of France. Aubery's book thus gives us the false impression that an overwhelming majority of French Jews are of Alsatian, Russian, or Polish extraction. The fifty thousand or more Sephardic Jews, immigrants or children of immigrants who came from Turkey, Greece, Syria, Egypt, Bulgaria, or Rumania, are barely mentioned. At a time when as many as a thousand North African Jewish families may emigrate to metropolitan France within a single month (some thirty thousand individuals have come in the last year from Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco, not counting the recent influx of close on ten thousand Egyptian refugees), Aubery never discusses the densely populated "mellahs" of Saint-Paul and Belleville in Paris, or those of Marseille and other provincial centers.

True, these North African communities have failed so far to produce any writers of their own. But Albert Memmi (whose three published works Aubery does not list in his bibliography) is a recent immigrant from Tunis to Paris, the Paris daily newspaper *Combat* is now owned and controlled by the Tunisian Jewish Smadja family, while two Algerian Jewish abstract painters, Atlan and Smadja, have already achieved considerable prominence in the Paris art world. These facts should indicate that there is already, in France, a *milieu juif* of North African origin which would deserve Professor Aubery's attention.

As one follows his hairsplitting analysis of the published writings of the numerous members of the Bloch, Blum, Dreyfus, and Halévy families, one begins to suspect (as the author does too on page 29) that he is dealing with but a single clan, in fact with the Alsatian Jewish upper crust, the *"tout Colmar," "tout Mulhouse,"* and *"tout Strasbourg"* which, after 1870, became part of the Third Republic's *"tout Paris,"* the *grand bourgeois* milieu. One thus discovers that nearly all his novelists and autobiographers had been brought up to believe that anti-Semitism could not possibly exist in a democracy such as France. They generally thought themselves as purely French as any Frenchman named Dupont, Durand, Vandermeersch, Lapoujade, Schmidt, Kerouac, or Etcheverry. Most of them then experienced very suddenly the shock of discovering what Paul Goodman, in one of his best stories, has called "the facts of life": generally at the age of puberty or in the years immediately following, they became aware of a secret difference, like a badge, invisible in their own eyes, but yellow, it seems, in the eyes of certain others. This badge, this scar, they then understood had marked them all their lives, though they might not yet have been aware of it, and they would continue to wear it as long as they remain *"Français Israélites,"* which is only a euphemistic definition of those French citizens who have been singled out by birth as potential victims in any sudden outburst of anti-Semitism.

*Librairie Plon, Paris.

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Two novels recently published in France cast further light on this subject. *L'Innocent cavalier,** the first volume of an autobiographical trilogy that Nicolas Baudy, editor of COMMENTARY's French-language counterpart, *Évidences,* is still writing, tells the story of a Hungarian Jewish adolescent in the hectic years which immediately succeeded the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1918-1919, first under the brief regime of Count Karolyi, then under Bela Kun's Bolshevist terror, finally under the prolonged "white" terror that followed. *L'Innocent cavalier* is far more introspective and lyrical than any work of Arthur Koestler. It is as if Baudy, in a frenzy of Rousseauist confession, were trying to explain to a psychoanalyst the impact of certain historical events on his emotional life, rather than seeking to recount his own participation in these events. But Baudy's awareness of being a Jew, even in a Hungarian liberal tradition, is far more realistic than that of most of the French authors whom Aubery quotes and analyzes. In reviewing for COMMENTARY some time ago the French-born author Roger Ikor's scandalously bad "epic" of French Jewish life, I pointed out how much better, in this respect, were the writings of the Rumanian-born novelist Fabert. French liberalism, so Cartesian in its idealistic and theoretical approach to the problem of the Jew in contemporary life, seems to make most French-born Jewish authors quite blind to the facts which they try to explain.

Arnold Mandel's *Les vaisseaux brulés*† ("Burnt Bridges") is a rare exception. A novel about a German Jewish intellectual who had emigrated to France shortly before the advent of the Nazi regime in his native land, then escaped to Switzerland during the German occupation of France, returned to join the Resistance, emigrated to Israel, failed to adjust there, and came back finally to France to achieve self-destruction by becoming an obsessed gambler, *Les vaisseaux brulés* presents to us a "Jew without Judaism" from the café-terrace ghetto of Montparnasse and Saint-Germain-des-Prés. This unpleasant new version of the Wandering Jew is intensely aware of Jewishness but without having the faintest notion of what this may mean in a positive sense. He is a member of a Chosen People, but chosen by whom, and for what purpose? His intuitive consciousness of being Jewish rests on the latrinograms of the anti-Semites rather than on the writings of the Prophets, though it does bring him back, from time to time, to reading the Scriptures in order to find out more about himself. Yet *Les vaisseaux brulés,* though written in a conventionally journalistic style, is a poignant novel in that Arnold Mandel has had the courage to handle, with objectivity and sympathy, an extremely unpleasant type of Jew. Frequently, this type provokes anti-Semitic reactions even among those educated Frenchmen who generally forbid themselves any expression of racial or religious prejudice. Mandel's hero is, of course, an obvious neurotic. But his neurosis is to a great extent determined, at least in its exterior manifestations, by the tensions and frustrations of being a "Jew without Judaism."

Claude Vigée's recently published poem *L'Été indien*** (followed by a journal written in poetic prose, *Journal de l'Été indien*) reveal to us, for a change, the poise of a French writer who is a conscious, contented, and practicing Jew. A member of the faculty of Brandeis University, Claude Vigée came to the United States during the war as a refugee from a small, provincial, and somewhat conservative Jewish community in Alsace. In 1955, *La corne du Grand Pardon*§ brought us a fine and almost unique example of Jewish devotional poetry written in French. Though deeply influenced by Rilke, whom he has ably translated into French, Vigée quite early developed a poetic idiom of his own. He is now to be counted, with Alain Bosquet, among the leading representatives of an intensely personal and almost mystical kind of lyrical expression that claims as its masters, among the French poets of the older generation, Saint-John Perse, Jules Supervielle, and René Char.

Vigée's new poems and his *Journal* are sometimes difficult to read. They concern themselves only obliquely, if ever, with the problems of the Jew in France. Vigée seems to be protected by his religious faith against

*Editions de la Table Ronde, Paris.
†Calmann Lévy, Paris.

**Gallimard, Paris.
§Editions Pierre Seghers, Paris.

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any anxiety of the kind that Aubery discovers in most of the reluctant Jews he discusses. In this respect, Vigée is the heir of Edmond Fleg. His nature poems in particular reveal an affinity with the Hasidim of Eastern Europe, who were likewise aware of the poignant beauty of the world of God's creatures.

No report on recent French Jewish literature would be complete without some discussion of the very controversial Paris production of Robert Brasillach's strange play, *La Reine de Césarée*. Originally written in a German prisoner of war camp *La Reine de Césarée* is a very topical, able, and rabble-rousing rewrite of Racine's exquisite *Bérénice*. When Brasillach was released by the Germans to become one of their chief propagandists in occupied Paris, no theater was willing to produce his play. Though some producers had the nerve to pretend that it was ambivalent or even favorable in its attitude toward the Jews, it was generally feared that its performance might lead to serious reprisals on the part of the Resistance. Immediately after the Liberation, Brasillach was arrested, condemned to death, and executed.

Be that as it may, the play was subsequently published as a book by a somewhat dubious small Paris publisher. In the summer of 1957, it was suddenly performed, at a dramatic festival in Avenches, in French-speaking Switzerland, where a group of neo-fascist writers publishes the *Cahiers des Amis de Robert Brasillach* to perpetuate the memory of the "murdered poet." The storm which then ensued in the diminutive teacup of the Swiss-French literary and journalistic world would scarcely deserve discussion here were it not that such representative newspapers as the *Journal de Genève*, the *Tribune de Genève*, the *Gazette de Lausanne*, and the *Liberté* of Fribourg all agreed that the play was a masterpiece on the level of Sophocles and Racine, and took it upon themselves to castigate the Paris press because it had failed to recognize the genius of such a faithful disciple of Charles Maurras.

The unexpected propagandistic success of this performance in Switzerland then encouraged Brasillach's friends to produce the play in Paris. Alice Cocea, a Rumanian-born actress, thought she might make a desperately needed come-back by playing the dubious part of the aging Jewish queen who had cast a weird spell over her young Roman conqueror. Various groups of veterans of the Resistance protested to the prefect of the Paris police, but to no avail. This official (who had forbidden the Paris production of *Le Balcon*, Jean Genet's masterpiece which had already been performed at the Arts Theater Club in London) could not make up his mind to put a stop to the Paris performances of *La Reine de Césarée*, a play which actually provoked disorders in the theater and which no theater in Western Germany has yet stooped to perform.

Nor did the Paris press, with the exception of *Le Monde*, *Demain*, Jean-Paul Sartre in *France-Observateur*, and Jacques Carat in *Preuves*, reveal itself particularly brave or perspicacious. André Philip, in *L'Express*, deplored the resurgence, among those who had protested against the performance, of an obsolete spirit of vengeance, justifiable only at the time of the Liberation. The critics of *Arts*, *Le Figaro*, and *L'Express* discussed the play at great length, as if it were a work of art transcending all political controversy. Jean-Jacques Gautier, in *Le Figaro*, was wonderfully inept. A critic who has consistently taken umbrage at the innovations introduced by such new dramatists of real talent as Beckett, Adamov, Ionesco, and Dürrenmatt, Gautier became the apologist of *La Reine de Césareé* and assured his many readers that he had failed to detect anything offensive in its Jew-baiting dialogue.

As for the press of the extreme right, from *Rivarol* and *Aspects de la France* to *Dimanche Matin* and *Artaban*, it did its best to live up to the capital's latrinograms. *Artaban* even threatened, should the play be stopped, to send its own hoodlums to throw hand grenades into the audience at the Théâtre Montparnasse, where the extremely successful French version of the *Diary of Anne Frank* was running.

Fortunately, *La Reine de Césarée* was too dull a play for its admirers to see more than once a week. After performing before almost empty houses for a while, it finally closed down. Brasillach's play (and *graffiti* culled from the walls of métro stations and public toilets) might well have been added as an appendix to Aubery's *Milieux juifs de la France contemporaine*.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

HUMANISM TODAY: A BRITISH VIEW

New Faiths for Old

KATHLEEN NOTT

IN THE public mind, humanism is too often confused, on the one hand, with being rude to God and, on the other, with being kind to animals. Between these two flippant extremes there are a remarkable number of definitions, near-definitions, and vague assumptions which miss the most fruitful meaning that can be given to the term. To put it in a rubric, what is missing both in the popular or vague usage, and in the educated or professional usage, is the positive understanding that humanism cannot be a working philosophy unless it means in the first place a liking and concern for actual human beings: for the people one actually meets, one's neighbors.

Having put that down as a fundamental proposition, we can now proceed to cast a glance round the world and see what kinds of people, who give the subject any public expression, describe themselves as humanists. It is a very large and varied assortment—I am constantly surprised to find how large and varied, and even opposing. Some of the contributors to the recent British symposium *Declaration* (whom merely for convenience I will refer to as the Angry Young Men) call themselves humanists. This collection is interesting to me here, because all the contributors are writers, concerned with the imagination rather than with the analytical intellect. The South African novelist and playwright, Miss Doris Lessing, who is a Marxist, certainly claims to be a humanist. Most of the others think primarily, if vaguely, in economic and political terms: they do not, that is, really accept my fundamental proposition, although this is perhaps only subliminal in the case of Mr. John Wain. Mr. John Osborne, the playwright, certainly thinks almost exclusively about people: but appears to believe that the way to deal with them, first and last, is to be angry with them. Mr. Colin Wilson (the "Outsider"), on the other hand, is an interesting case, because he describes himself as an anti-humanist, but says that he is now inclining toward existentialism. This will land him in trouble, at least with Sartre: for Sartre claims that existentialism *is* a form of humanism. By this he certainly means something which I also mean here, namely that existentialism is a humanism because it starts from the concrete actual human person in given conditions; and also because he tries to give his philosophy to the world (and is most successful when he does) in an imaginative form.

Then there are Christian humanists everywhere. Insofar as they base themselves on a theological account of human nature and on the belief in supernatural intervention in human affairs, they appear to be in-

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KATHLEEN NOTT, the well-known British critic and novelist, first appeared in COMMENTARY last November with an assessment of contemporary American philosophy. Her present essay is devoted to the current debate over humanism in Britain, a subject previously discussed in her book *The Emperor's Clothes* which directed a critical searchlight at irrationalist tendencies in the work of T. S. Eliot and other modern writers.

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volved in a contradiction which bars the development of a genuine humanism. I want to interrupt myself here and say that the abstract account of human nature is what causes the bar: and that we find a similar bar in all the other professional or organized humanisms. European existentialism, even in Sartre's formulation, which stresses the concrete rather than the abstract, is still too much entangled with Teutonic idealism and Teutonic language. An Anglo-Saxon existentialism might be a pleasing speculation. Democracy in America and England, insofar as it has any vestiges of philosophy, has not quite lost sight of its original assumption that individual people count first and last: while the other most influential world outlooks, Catholicism and Communism, have lost this sense, whatever their trumpetings to the contrary. They have lost it because they are entangled with the abstract extremes of idealism and materialism, both of which neglect or try to obliterate the fact that a human being is a psychosomatic unit who can be considered either in his mindlike or his matterlike characteristics, but not cut up between them.

Humanism in the form of a professional movement might be described as an Anglo-Saxon invention. In Britain—I understand that this applies also in America—those people who, under the labels of their various groups and organizations, lay claim to the name of humanist, do not date their legible family tree much further back than the middle of the 19th century—and, in a significant sense, many of them have stayed there. The humanist organizations in Britain—the Progressive League, the Ethical Union, the South Place Ethical Society, and the Rationalist Press Association—are inextricably involved with the history of events and ideas at that period. This does not mean that, in discussing them, we cannot and should not, for certain purposes, go further back. The important events, for these movements, were the trends of material emancipation (which cover labor and trade-union movements, with their workingmen's clubs and workingmen's educational institutes): and also religious and feminine emancipation. And these of course go back to the liberalizing, and in part disruptive, effects of the French Revolution. But for purposes of discussion we have to stop somewhere, and the middle of the 19th century, the time of the controversy around Darwin's *Origin of Species,* is the most convenient date for the rationalistic fixation which still hampers organized humanism in Britain. The positive attempt to which so many of those who had parted with supernaturalism, including George Eliot, gave their energies, was to found a rational and humane ethic: put in general and psychological terms, to substitute, in all fields, reason for authority, but especially for supernatural authority.

I THINK that too much of professional or organized humanism, at least in Britain, has stuck in this dated, specialized, and negative rationalism. It has stuck in fact precisely where the supernaturalist enemy has stuck, in an abstract definition of human nature. Two camps glare at each other from diametrically opposed emotional fixations: it is a battle of antiquated loyalties rather than an argument meant to lead to a conclusion. It is noteworthy that in the humanist organizations, the age level is rather high; this at least suggests that there is not enough appeal to the younger generation which has the business of living and working a philosophy.

These remarks apply specially to the British Ethical Union and to the South Place Ethical Society. The aim of this last organization is to study and disseminate "ethical principles . . . and to cultivate a rational religious sentiment." It is also an Ethical Church, with Sunday morning meetings, the singing of a rationalist hymn (which substitutes some abstract or ennobling concept for the name of the Deity), and the equivalent of a sermon, generally an ethical, philosophical, or psychological statement. I feel that this Comtean idea of a Humanist Church has something to be said for it, if we think of the advantages of an orthodox Church in the organization of social welfare and contact, and also of men-

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tal therapy. These old-school rationalists might indeed do more about developing such communal possibilities in competition with the Churches. It seems likely that they are at least semi-aware, as individual rationalists, of the emotional pull of the religions, and deny it with rationalistic threatenings sometimes, like Saul of Tarsus, at great and increasing risk of yielding to it. I am not attempting to say that the issue of realism versus the irrational in the fields of philosophy and of practical life is still not a live one; on the contrary, it is the most important of all. I am only saying that the flaming rationalist sword may not be the most relevant or efficient way of keeping the theological serpents out.

The serpents indeed abound and are very snakelike. Thus the controversy over Mrs. Margaret Knight and the British Broadcasting Corporation, which came to a head a year or two ago, involved important issues of free speech and liberalism. Mrs. Knight, an educational psychologist, was given the chance, after great difficulties and hesitation on the part of the BBC, to deliver some scripts attacking the religious education of children as psychologically unsound. The BBC arranged for her to be answered by an orthodox Christian, as is its practice with anti-religious broadcasts (this is always a one-way traffic: humanists are not invited to answer back religious propagandists). But in spite of this, the British public—or that section of it which allows the gutter-press to defend and represent its views of Christian principle, the sanctity of the home and the purity of education—rose up and demanded her head. (A respectable number of the Bishops wanted her to have a hearing!) After the hubbub had died down, the BBC showed no inclination to repeat the experiment, in spite of persistent prodding from E. M. Forster (whom I myself regard as the best type of literary humanist): he felt that Mrs. Knight should be heard again and, meeting with no success, he finally instigated a public meeting attacking the BBC for its cagey and indeed negative attitude toward humanist discussion and propaganda, compared to the time and resources it gives to established Christianity and other sects which can be classified as orthodoxly religious. At this meeting, which was packed, and at which Forster, Reginald Sorenson, and myself spoke in support of Mrs. Knight, the whole policy of the BBC with regard to humanism, in contravention of the implied principles of the 1949 Beveridge Report (which certainly allow for anti-religious discussion) was laid bare, and a suitable resolution was sent forward, which may have laid the foundations for some fruitful discussions between the humanist organizations and the BBC.

What Mrs. Knight had actually said during the original controversy seemed to many agnostics harmless and even antiquated. What was striking in the episode was the violence of public reaction which, hotted up as it may have been by the press, was also genuine. It was ideological *warfare*. Recent newspaper surveys in Britain have shown that most people do not care much about Christianity as a possible way of life, and though I have not the statistical evidence, I believe it very likely that a large proportion of parents are not greatly troubled one way or the other even about giving their offspring the conventional or ritualistic conveniences of religious education. (One should not pay too much attention to the large numbers who are baptized or later get married in Church, for this is either superstition, like touching wood, or social insurance.) In short, people don't mind what they do, or what *you* do. But they can often get very impassioned about what you *say*—as giving away your dangerous thoughts. Even the BBC—still operating from the professed aim of its founder, the then Sir John Reith, which was to convert Britain to Christianity —means abstract dogma, not way of life. So that the fight is about an abstract definition of human nature: and over this both supernaturalists and rationalists can become irrational.

It is not, nevertheless, true to say that all those who regard themselves as practicing humanists are unaware of the real humanist

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issue—that we want to know about human beings, first of all ourselves, and how to deal with them. But even the more objective and inquiring humanists have to rely for their sociological material and evidence on experts and specialists, who often belong—and often, too, without realizing the fact—to very partial traditions. Irving Babbitt's label of "false liberalism" might be used comprehensively for these traditions. Their common characteristic is that they all refer to an abstract definition of man which claims to be exhaustive while it is in fact partial. The definitions, political, economic, and theological, vary, but in this they are all alike—they claim to tell us that we really need to know about the actual people we are going to meet and live with: they are all (Marxism is a very clear case in point), by implication, "psychologies." If we are going to think and talk about human beings, of course we need a working definition, but we need to keep in mind that it is only an abstraction, and no substitute for whatever we can work out in our personal experience.

Among the "false liberals" Babbitt included the "sentimental humanitarians" and Marxists: and there are others whom I believe he would later have included, the extreme or diehard linguistic philosophers, particularly the logical positivists. This might look too remote to be relevant. What in fact have the concepts and movements mentioned in this paragraph in common? And why is the last example of special importance to humanists? The doctrine of liberalism is "false" when it takes the form of unreal abstraction, when it confuses the definition with the fact or, preferably, with the experienced concrete reality; when it tries to persuade us that *Man* can be free: which is as much as to say that an idea can be free: or alternatively that freedom is a material thing. This must work out in practice as meaning that human organizations, large or small, considered as entities, can be totally free and independent: and from this arises the cult of nationhood, leading via the Corporate State to inevitable warfare. Freedom, like all the great creative notions, including peace and love, is not only indivisible, but personal: *I* can only make myself free when *I* free *you* in the process.

Logical positivism and some other kinds of linguistic philosophy come under the same general heading of false abstraction, because right down to the most intimate structure of logic and language—which ought to be the instrument of apperception and communication—they confuse theory and practice instead of relating them. *Thinking* about thinking and talking is not the same, and should not try to be the same, as thinking and talking. But this is the substitute which the logical positivists in particular, by their exclusive definition of "meaning," try to palm upon us. For they assume not only that the language of science is an exact language (which within particular fields it can be) but the model of language; and they therefore dismiss statements made in fields of experience where this type of exact language cannot apply as "meaningless." The resulting dismissal of "metaphysics" in the old sense need not detain us here. It is correct as far as it goes. What these thinkers have helped to show is that metaphysics is and was a matter of abstract language—and that is a necessary realization. But what they also dismiss, either overtly or implicitly, as meaningful forms of communication—the assertions of art or ethics—are simply not in the same category as logical and linguistic formulations. They are formulations of the processes of actual living, and that is something which can only be done by living individualities. Babbitt, I believe, would have included this recent philosophical development under "false liberalism" because it aims at a false independence and detachment of language and thinking from their spontaneous origins and uses. Language is something "given" in the experience of the individual. It is there first, probably *before* thinking in any definable sense, certainly before the logicians.

What these philosophers tell us about the language of science, except over the comparatively limited range of the "exact" sciences (those sciences in fact, like physics and

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mathematics, whose communication of information is limited to measurement and calculable prediction), is based on their own confusion between theoretical and practical logic. The human and sociological sciences mainly employ practical or inferential logic, not theoretical or mathematical logic. These sciences are certainly what Eddington called hypothetico-observational: which means in practice that the scientific worker in these fields very often begins with some sort of intuition or hunch which he proceeds to justify or not on the basis of the observational material which is available to him. As Karl Popper says, genuine science does not primarily seek proof: it challenges refutation. The purpose of a scientist in any field is to discover and communicate a likely pattern of events, not to *prove* himself *right:* only logical and linguistic experts are worried about this. The physical scientist, as we all now know, aims at statistical not immutable universal laws. Some of the social sciences employ statistics: and this is interesting because it makes visible a principle of scientific investigation. In these sciences it is much easier to see that the statistics produce evidence and support—they test the theory—but that they do not supply the place of the original creative act of observation, the original hunch or intuition which is the scientist's practiced vision of his material or "world."

MODERN humanists like to call themselves "scientific." This is sensible if it means that, both in personal relations and public activities, a humanist aims to find and to base his opinions on ascertainable facts: on knowledge, instead of upon hearsay tradition, superstition, old wives' tales, fantasy, and convention. But it means that the humanist has to check his beliefs and practice in all fields, by what the scientists, the *experts,* have to tell him. It is therefore supremely important that those experts should not be working consciously or unconsciously, from an unsound or at least partially unreal philosophy. For the humanist this is particularly important in the case of the social scientists, who claim to be the experts of "human nature": chiefly economists, political philosophers, and psychiatrists (anyway people dealing with psychotherapy). Their common characteristic is that they are concerned with human *needs,* either psychological or physiological. This puts them in a special and influential category: for they implicitly claim to be both theoretical and practical. "Need" here means something which has to be both diagnosed and met. Among these "scientists" of human need, the most influential in our time have been the Marxists and the Freudians. I use these terms as labels for the main psychological and material trends of the modern age, and I intend them to cover two general attitudes. Certainly according to Popper's definition it is easy to see how they qualify as pseudo-sciences, concerned with "proof" rather than challenging refutation. Most people are by this time familiar, at least by hearsay, with the kind of riposte—to patient or bourgeois enemy—which is typical of Freudian and Marxist alike: "If you argue with me it is only an emotional defense against a truth which you won't admit (and which is of course embodied in me)." There is no need to deny the genuine intellectual and critical contributions of both Marx and Freud. I single them out not only because I include them under "false liberalism," but because I think they share a radical fallacy with the doctrines they claim to oppose, with metaphysical and theological thinking about "human nature."

False liberalism is false "free-thinking." The emancipation of reason which, for present convenience, we can date to the French Revolution, developed into the outlook I have referred to as old-school rationalism. The "freedom" in much of the thinking which helped to produce the revolution, and in a very great deal which followed, was often a "freedom" from the concrete and immediate, it was a kind of false detachment from living experience. Philosophers philosophized about "Man." (They seem always to have found it difficult to think about actual human beings. Their reputation for absent-

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mindedness is not wholly mythical, and absent-mindedness may be based on a dislike of present company.) We were given political and economic Man—and now we have psychological Man. This does not matter so much if, as the late Count Korzybski (the founder of "general semantics") would have said, you remain aware that you are abstracting when you use this expression. But in fact and practice, the concept Man will give you pseudo-science, pseudo-philosophy and religion, and pseudo-art. The humane or social sciences are valuable to the humanist insofar as they genuinely help him to live, to understand himself and his environment. They can achieve this insofar as they are a genuine unity of theory and practice—a genuine interplay of observation and hypothesis—and are genuinely interacting with some art. For example, biology and chemistry can interact thus beneficially with medicine. But this depends on good doctors who are interested in healing their individual patients, not merely in putting them on a sort of assembly line to inject them with all the newest drugs.

The unity of theory and practice is a prime claim of both Freudian psychology and Marxism. On the part of the Marxists this is overt. But the claim of psychoanalysis to be a therapy is in principle the same, and perhaps more immediately revealing. Complete theoretical knowledge of the origins of a neurosis is identified with cure; it seems that this claim is not often substantiated. The aim of a sound psychotherapy should be the restoration and the realization of the feeling self. This does not seem to be achieved by orthodox psychoanalysis: the reason, I suggest, is that it teaches the patient to concentrate on Man, according to an arbitrary intellectual definition, rather than upon himself: to intellectualize his problems and project them upon humanity. So perhaps we can find a more general definition of pseudo-science which would include Popper's as an example. To Popper Marxism and Freudianism are pseudo-sciences because they seek "proof" instead of challenging refutation. We can generalize this further by saying that the pseudo-scientist is always trying to save his definition in the face of experience. In fact he does not properly distinguish theoretical from practical or applied or natural logic: and in social studies, he confuses the necessarily partial definition of mankind with actual men in living concrete situations. This is what may mislead the humanist: who anyway, as a human being living in a world which underestimates feeling, common sense, intuition, or hunch, by comparison with conceptualization, fantasy, and projection, has his own everyday temptations to confuse ideas with realized experience.

THIS is not by any means a plea for a "new mysticism," although it includes the suggestion that old-school rationalism and superstition are complementary poles. From the standpoint of a genuine humanist, of a man inwardly free, unafraid in his universe, unafraid, that is, of the abstractions both of religion and science, both can be seen as obsessional fixations: the reluctance to part with a concept, the determination to materialize it. The definition of the "false liberal" Man was that he was born *good*, and corrupted by society. This is just the pole of the doctrine of Original Sin, which is the fundamental false abstraction of pseudo-religion. The humanist needs rather to accept that human beings are radically ambivalent, most probably because they are at one and the same time members of a species, and unique persons: because they have at one and the same time the need to be free and the need to be physically and emotionally secure. Maturation can be regarded as the lifelong effort to heal or harmonize this opposition. The humanist then needs to extract the common factors from science, religion, and philosophy. As I have suggested they all show that they are genuine (and not "pseudo") when they can ally themselves to an art, when they can somewhere come down to the particular, the concrete, the practical, the living and immediate.

The genuine philosophical expression of humanism may be found more in literature than in scientific or academic philosophy.

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Somerset Maugham said in his autobiography, *The Summing Up,* that before beginning to write a new book, he always re-read Voltaire's *Candide.* I can well understand why. This little book seems to me still to say more, and more profoundly, about "false liberalism" and also about genuine or positive humanism, than all the works of the Encyclopedists and all the political, philosophical, economic, and psychological treatises which have been produced since. Pangloss, it will be remembered, maintained his Leibnitzian optimism, that this is the best of all possible worlds, in the face of his own and Candide's most atrocious misfortunes. What Voltaire's satire implies is that a humanist art must still be tragic as well as comic: for the situation of any individual human being in his world is in fact tragic: whatever we can achieve as a species, we cannot honestly deny this fact of the feeling world. A man's desires are inherently much greater than his capacities. Time and mortality ineluctably deny his will to imagine and to embody his imagination. Moreover he only lives and creates by error, and by successive approximations to his goals. Perfection (and hence final optimism) is a chimera. But this "radical imperfection" is tragedy, not sin.

When I look around contemporary Anglo-Saxondom for creative works which embody a humanist philosophy and counter the Augustinians—those writers such as Eliot, Greene, and Waugh who get so much of their intellectual structure and indeed their imaginative material from the dogma of Original Sin—I mildly despair, and begin to check over my generalizations. And then I realize that a good humanist novel or drama would inevitably be characterized by the fact that its intellectual structure could *not* be detached by some neat process of filleting. It would of necessity have to be the attempt to see the whole man, the unique concrete person: and its morality would be implicit —in the history of an individual's maturation and integration. So that it would not be utopian (except satirically: the utopian use of futurism seems to be a sort of satiric necessity for purposes of generalization and detachment): and it would not take the form of "Socialist Realism"—which is in fact ideal and abstract. A writer who comes to my mind is the late Joyce Cary. He called himself a liberal, not as far as I know, a humanist: and his political writing strikes me as fumbling. But in his ample series of great novels he reveals himself as exactly what I mean by a humanist. It is significant that in his most remarkable book, *The Horse's Mouth,* his chief character is an old obsessed painter who is always quoting Blake, and who in his very single-mindedness and single vision, acts, by conventional standards, as a "sinner." The obsession with art has a general, not merely a special significance for Cary. As a British critic, Walter Allen, has pointed out, all Joyce Cary's characters are obsessed with the creative imagination. It is in this kind of work and in this conception that I believe the humanist must look for his philosophy. Here he will find, if anywhere, the new "myth" which is the living truth of science, philosophy, and religion.

For good or ill, human communities are renewed and kept going by their myth-makers: by the creative thinking or "visions" of their artists, scientists, philosophers, religious and political thinkers. This is opposed to the Marxian view that influential ideas are the product of social conditions: chiefly in insisting on the role of the creative individual who, however dependent on tradition or environment, must still be distinguished from either. It is obvious that to become effective, myths need embodiment. To choose two extreme examples: both Jesus and Hitler appeared in a certain environment of ideas, traditions, and social conditions: but surely it is idle to deny that without the particular "incarnation," the course of history would have been very different? It is more useful then to discuss whether myths can be good or bad, rather than whether they are true or false.

My dictionary says that "a myth is a fictitious narrative describing supernatural personages and embodying popular ideas on

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natural phenomena": I mean something a good deal more and different from this: but it is the second half of the definition which is important. A myth is certainly a fiction, but in the sense that it is a creation, a making or bodying-forth. It is not lies or propaganda. Plato's suggestion that poets are liars, hence reprobates, has not only sidetracked a great deal of subsequent criticism, but also, by its mistaken opposition of poetry and truth, misled us about the nature of truth as well as poetry. A myth-maker, for instance a poet or novelist, does not feel that he is lying or doing propaganda; he feels on the contrary that he is making the best shot he can at telling the truth as he sees it. His myth is an attempt to account for natural phenomena as they occur in his experience: human and material phenomena. While his myth holds water, it will last both for himself and other people. Scientists, insofar as they make a humanist contribution, can be looked on as myth-makers in this sense. A scientific innovator, as I have already indicated, is not a collection maniac. Many people, including some scientists who do not reflect on their own processes, think that scientists go fact-grubbing year in, year out, until the heap bursts into a theory, as a smoldering haystack bursts into flame. But in fact, scientists, on the basis of their general practiced interest in a given field of phenomena, are much more likely to get a hunch, to form a myth, which they then proceed to test by their own and other people's observations in the same field.

The role and value in fact of the individual scientist who produces a new hypothesis in the field of phenomena in which he happens to be interested, is comparable to those of the other makers of myth whom I have mentioned. He is a creator painting a world picture (it may be a world restricted to a comparatively narrow class of phenomena). But because of conditions in some sciences we can be misled about this creative reaction between the scientist and his world: and we can be led into attaching the wrong kind of importance to the distinction between the "truth" and the "fiction" of a myth: among other things we may forget that the language of parable is more primitive and therefore probably still comes more naturally to human beings than any other: it is partly the exaggerated prestige of mere literacy which has taught us that all which is not prose is mysticism: that, and the "exact" language of some sciences.

I have referred at length to distinctions which may be made between science and "pseudo-science." The conditions which may mislead the humanist arise in the physical and mathematical sciences. It happens that very public and easily communicable standards of observation and testing obtain in these sciences: experiments can be exactly repeated without much difficulty. Exact prediction can take place. This gives us, I think, not so much a wrong or a too high, but an irrelevant standard of "truth" when we are considering the other creative activities. Prediction means that we can know in advance about the future, what will happen in a certain field: we can standardize some of our experiences. In the case of the other creative activities, the kind of experience which puts our theories to the test will be more haphazard, it may show us where we were right or wrong, in a more casual or drifting way: we may never be able to do more than live by our hunches, from day to day and even from hand to mouth. When, in art, philosophy, or politics or religion, we theorize about life or human beings, it is not only unjustifiable, it is extremely dangerous, to try to copy the exact but limited predictive capacity of the physical and mathematical sciences. For one thing, historical events have shown us, or should by now have shown us, that even if a thinker is content to theorize, others may be tempted to make his prophecies come true: if the theories don't happen to fit the facts, the facts may be manipulated to fit the theories. Philosophers of history often seem to find, or to be afflicted with, disciples who will regard them as prophets. Marx, for instance, meant to predict: but he was retrospectively made into a prophet: his followers, when they got the chance, tried to cut human beings to fit his theories.

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Pseudo-sciences are not content with the interpretative role of science: they tend to turn into mock-engineering. They base themselves on the (not necessarily conscious) assumption that it is both desirable and possible to change "human nature" by direct methods. These pseudo-sciences are to me examples of "bad" myths, not because it is untrue that human nature can be changed rapidly and directly—human beings are in fact alarmingly malleable and flexible and can be pulled and pushed about to a quite remarkable degree. But the positive implications of the myth are false: it denies the individual and his creative role: and also—generally in the interest of some social conception or pattern—his need for the sane selfishness of personal equilibrium. The distinction between a good myth and a bad myth is, I believe, largely a matter of this creative role of the individual. The good myths are pictures of life and the world which come from the spontaneous, open-eyed, and disinterested reaction of an individual to his environment. That is why I prefer art to science as a basis for a humanistic outlook. I don't mean that humanists must be always reading improving books or staring at pictures, and that thus the world will be instantly changed for the better. I do think, on the other hand, that a slant toward art and the "humanities" would be a good educational basis for potential humanists, and that this can help to leaven the lump. For art is about what it feels like to be a human being in certain conditions of apperception. But people have to be trained not only to feel, but to discriminate. From the humanist point of view there are "bad" artistic myths as well as good ones. The D. H. Lawrence myth of sex was, I believe, a bad one, because it was destructive of human personality, especially of female personality. Real people, women in particular, vanished from Lawrence's later pages. Your bad myth-maker is in a way a liar, for the paradoxical reason that he is too interested in what he calls the "truth." Lawrence, for instance, was not to be argued with, he claimed an absolute validity for his account of human nature and the world.

Good works of art are original sources: which means, among other things, that their derivatives and their critical commentators often wander a long way from them, like streams: and in every new generation, some people have to try and get back to them. In this they are comparable with the original intuitions and pronouncements of the great religious teachers. For critics and disciples of all sorts seem often to be rather like ants, industriously carrying off as big a bit as they can hold, and thus demolishing the corpus of wisdom, with no very clear idea what they are going to build with it. Works of art are also images to be contemplated, they encourage to concentration of feeling and help resistance to the enormous and often meaningless distraction of contemporary life.

I HAVE tried to suggest some things which may be necessary for a genuine humanist outlook. I should be dishonest if I did not add that as far as I can see the whole trend of the modern world is in the opposite direction. On the other hand, I am not proposing that, even if we could, we should reject what we have gained from the sciences in the realistic appraisal of ourselves and our circumstances, only that we should learn to discriminate among them. Perhaps my real question is, whom ought we to describe as a humanist? Certainly not one who indulges in any of the facile optimisms and consolations either of science, rationalism, or religious orthodoxy. Positively, I should say that a humanist is one who is at least partially aware that our nature is ambivalent and our condition paradoxical, and who goes instinctively to the arts, with their less clouded intuition of tragic conflict and comic irony, to show him how this is so: one too who is ready to learn from any honest vision, perhaps because, in human matters, all unclouded visions tend to something similar: and one too who because he is primarily concerned with what it feels like to be human, tries at least for the present to redress the busy anxiety of the West by being in preference contemplative rather than active.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Nashville's Jewish Community

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . One can appreciate the difficulties encountered by Professor Jackson Toby in writing his article "Bombing in Nashville" (May). His visit to Nashville was rather brief, and while he undoubtedly made the best possible use of his time, following his own observations by letter and telephone conversations, it was certainly clear to him that an all-encompassing view of and feeling for the situation could not be his under the circumstances. That he did so well is a tribute to his acumen. That other interpretations of his facts are possible is undeniable.

[I wish] however, to point out a very real omission in his collection of facts. One could not possibly know from the article that Nashville has an organized Jewish community with a Community Council and a Community Relations Committee that acted in the emergency. Whatever insecurity and uneasiness may have been felt by individuals, there were few wild rumors, little panic, no thoughtless charges, press releases, statements, and the like. Rather the Jewish community displayed a real sense of discipline and permitted its duly constituted leaders to act for it.

The president of the Jewish Community Center (and quite a different reading could be placed on the original controversy over its name) issued a formal statement on Monday evening, pointing out that the attack, while focused on the Center, was indeed directed against all those in Nashville who had been striving for a peaceful and decent program of interracial cooperation. The Jewish community was determined that it should not be isolated from the general community but that the incident be recognized as a challenge to all citizens.

A letter went out to the entire Jewish community on Wednesday, March 19, outlining the steps taken and assuring it of constant vigilance. The sum of $3,000 was made available by the Community Council to the Center to bring the total reward to $10,000. At the moment this reward is being kept before the public by advertisements in the local press, paid for by the Community Council. It has been with the officials of the Council that the local authorities and police have had regular communication and consultation.

The importance of these facts lies . . . beyond the Nashville situation. Mr. Sam Hatow, executive director of the Community Council, prepared a detailed report of the situation and the community's response, which was circulated to organized Jewish communities in the South. Thus it was not a coincidence that when a bombing took place in Jacksonville, Florida, in April, that community acted in the same disciplined fashion as did Nashville. It had a blueprint before it.

Were I writing in a private rather than a quasi-official capacity as chairman of the Community Relations Committee, I would comment on what seems to be Professor Toby's insensitivity to the entire complex of Jewish existence in the South. Under the circumstances I am withholding such comment; yet it should be noted that the inference could be drawn from his article that somehow the overt action of the Jewish community and/or of Rabbi William B. Silverman may have been in some way, immediate or remote, responsible for the bombing: that is, that the policy of the Center or the utterances of Rabbi Silverman may have, in some fashion, lighted the fuse.

Actually the picture of Negro participation in the activities of the Center is overdrawn. It is my distinct impression that outside of those occasions when the Center is used by certain interracial agencies such as the Red Cross, the United Givers Fund, etc., Negroes do not attend its programs. I wrote in this vein to Professor Toby and am thus surprised that he suggests: "There will be pressure . . . to discourage Center members from bringing Negro friends to use the athletic facilities or on social occasions." Whether one approves or not, the actual fact is that this "bringing Negro friends" does not happen. Thus there can be no pressure applied to discourage it.

(In this connection it must be stated for the sake of truth that Professor Toby's picture of the Center as a sort of 92nd Street YMHA in the provinces with "a cosmopolitan flavor about which everybody seems quite proud," is somewhat less than accurate. Whether one would like it so or not, a realistic appraisal indicates such is not the case.)

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Further, Rabbi Silverman himself said in the sermon quoted by Professor Toby that outside of his Holy Day sermons in September 1957, and one PTA speech where he was specifically requested to discuss the subject, he has not made a public statement on the matter of integration. I indicate this not to detract from the courage and devotion of my rabbi and friend, but to prevent the charge of crusading zeal being used as it has already been to argue that the rabbis are the cause of the trouble and that silencing them will dissipate the problem. What happened in Nashville grew out of Jewish vulnerability which has little to do with the acts of Jews either as individuals or as a community.

As for Professor Toby's phrase ". . . the Methodists have fundamentalist leanings," not only does it reveal a somewhat naive understanding of what fundamentalism is, but it is totally irrelevant to the discussion. The General Board of Education of the Methodist Church has its headquarters in Nashville. It is interracially staffed and its dining room is nonsegregated. The statement "Vanderbilt is not sufficiently independent of local sentiment to admit Negroes to its undergraduate college," while correct, ignores the fact that Vanderbilt is sufficiently independent to admit Negroes to the Divinity, Law, and Graduate Schools.

Let me close by reiterating my own appreciation for Professor Toby's article. I enter my caveat against some aspects of it in full awareness of the difficulties involved in preparing it. There are overstatements and understatements, misapprehensions and misunderstandings, but there is as well an honest attempt to appraise and interpret a traumatic experience and its source.

LOU H. SILBERMAN

Nashville, Tenn.

MR. TOBY *writes:*

In commenting on the Nashville dynamiting, I faced an embarrassing problem: the information supplied by various informants did not always agree. For instance, Lou H. Silberman, Hillel Professor at Vanderbilt University, and Sam Hatow, executive director of the Jewish Community Center, told me that Negroes came to the Center only when outside organizations (e.g., the United Givers Fund) used the facilities as a meeting place. On the other hand, several Jewish informants told me of specific occasions when they *saw* Negroes at the Center, e.g. attending a recital. Since cultural programs at the Center are open to the general public, it was not necessary for members to have brought them, but I was told that they attended the programs in the company of white friends (members). In my article I reported this as fact because I assumed that Dr. Silberman and Mr. Hatow did not happen to have been at the Center on occasions when Negroes were in attendance. Or perhaps they would not have made special note of the presence of dark-skinned persons before the dynamiting.

Frankly, I cannot be sure that my article was accurate in every detail—although I went to considerable trouble to check whatever I could. I am disappointed, however, that Dr. Silberman should consider me insensitive "to the entire complex of Jewish existence in the South." What I tried to do in my report on the Nashville bombing was to illustrate the dilemma of Jewish existence in the South. As I see it, the problem is this: the prophetic ideals of the Jewish tradition stimulates Southern Jews to oppose racial arrogance, but the prejudices of the white Christian majority make conspicuous liberalism dangerous. Am I mistaken in regarding this dilemma as the tragic reality facing Southern Jewish communities? I would be most interested to learn from COMMENTARY readers in the South whether their experience fits my sociological perspective.

Again: the Oedipus

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Meyerhoff, I think, is helping to clarify the issue ("Letters from Readers," June). Of course, both the words "determined" and "cultural" are relational. His suggestion that some of the factors in the relational context may be "free" is precisely the point I would make; namely, that with respect to biological factors there exists no evidence whatever that anything resembling an *anlage* or *gestalt* will cause the individual, under the proper cultural conditions, to develop an Oedipus complex. The conditions that bring such a constellation of emotions into being as the Oedipus complex could theoretically occur in every human being who has ever lived, but that would no more mean that the complex has a biological basis than the capacity of human beings everywhere to be able to write. We know that there are whole cultures in which no one can read or write. We also know that the reason for this is not that the members of such cultures do not have the capacity to read and write, but because they have not lived under conditions which would have enabled them to learn to read and write There are no inborn predispositions for the capacity to use symbols, and under the proper cultural conditions this symbol-using capacity of man may be organized into the ability to read and write. The point being that

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there is nothing here corresponding to the interaction between genes and the environment in the determinance of traits. In genetics it is *always* the interaction of the genes and the environment that determines the outcome. Mr. Meyerhoff is suggesting that the Oedipus complex is both biologically and culturally determined in much the same way. But this is an assumption for which there is no evidence. In the absence of such evidence, and as one who believes that Occam's razor should always be employed to keep the face of science as unencumbered with supernumerary hairs as possible, if only to keep the populations of casuists down who might otherwise be misemployed attempting to split them, I see no reason to encourage unnecessary hairs.

Culture is superorganic, at least the greater part of the time, and mostly lives a life of its own according to its own laws. Whether a child will develop an Oedipus complex will depend entirely upon the working of those laws and not upon some autochthonous organic predisposition in relation to cultural conditions. Some little boys will strongly cathect toward their mothers and consider their fathers rivals, but other little boys will not. This being so the trait cannot in any sense be regarded as universal or biologically determined—unless someone is willing to argue that it behaves as a genetic recessive or as a sex-influenced trait.

ASHLEY MONTAGU

Princeton, New Jersey

The Jewish Religious School

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

To some of us who have been trying to discover how the enduring values of Judaism can be transmitted to young 20th-century American suburbanites, Theodore Frankel's article "Suburban Jewish Sunday School" (June) is a disappointment. This is not so much because it appears reluctant to recognize the real progress we feel we have made, but because it fails as a constructive critique of how we are approaching the dilemma faced by all traditional religions in the modern world. . . .

Mr. Frankel seems to leave the impression that our difficulties stem primarily from our wealth and degree of acculturation. From this one might draw the conclusion that we would be better off poor and separatist. However, Frankel . . . uneasy about such implications, leaves the question unresolved. . . . To this observer the result is a rather superficial report which never comes to grips with the essential problem.

It is no new idea that traditional Rabbinic Judaism, today, faces problems of adjustment in a revolutionary world. . . . The Rabbinic tradition is itself the product of powerful non-Judaic influences operating upon the concepts of Biblical Judaism. . . . Any dynamic view of history must recognize the necessity for continuing adaptation as a means of preserving values.

. . . It would appear that Rabbinic Judaism is facing very similar problems in young Israel, where the moral imperatives fit Biblical tradition much more closely. What moral equivalents does the young American Jew have to substitute for the immediacy of personal commitment to survival of the state and the intense preoccupation with economic development that absorbs otherwise irreligious Israelis? To them the Bible is a historical document and is so studied in their public schools, but the vast majority have little interest in Talmudic ritual. Through the ages great religions have spoken most persuasively to peoples in adversity. It is no accident that much of our sacred literature consists of exhortations to our people to mend their sinful ways and cease to be beguiled by the comforts of a more affluent life. There is some historical support for the notion that a religion has yet to be invented that truly meets the needs of an affluent society. This may be the great challenge to 20th-century America. Judaism, which among the religions of the West sees more clearly the values of the good life, here and now . . . can provide some constructive approaches to this problem. The view has been expressed in the inner councils of our school (for which no originality is claimed) that we badly need a new frame of reference to replace the centuries-old tradition of the Jew as a uniquely displaced person. The existence of Israel has, in any event, made the concept of Diaspora, at least in its literal and prosaic sense, obsolete.

Most Jewish citizens of the United States (including the bulk of COMMENTARY's readers) are here because they or their forebears became for one reason or another inextricably a part of the American Dream (which some observers tell us is the true core of all religion in America today). Dreams have their own reality, and we ignore them at our peril. One historic Judaic tradition is an unprecedented capacity to enrich and be enriched by the dominant culture. This, we take it, is the continuing task of our religious school, which we approach with humility, but not without pride. . . . COMMENTARY should be a leading forum for profound discussion of this most vital issue.

DAVID R. SCHWARZ

Chairman, Jewish Community Center,
Religious School Committee, 1956-58
Larchmont, N. Y.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Communism in Southeast Europe

ALBANIA. Edited by STAVRO SKENDI. Praeger. 389 pp. $7.50.
BULGARIA. Edited by L. A. D. DELLIN. Praeger. 457 pp. $8.50.
RUMANIA. Edited by STEPHEN FISCHER-GALATI. Praeger. 399 pp. $8.50.
YUGOSLAVIA. With an introduction by ROBERT F. BYRNES. Praeger. 488 pp. $8.50.

Reviewed by GHITA IONESCU

AS THIS review is being written relations between Tito's Yugoslavia and her Soviet-controlled neighbors are entering upon a new phase. 1945-1948 were the years during which the Yugoslav Communist party, and its leader, exercised a remarkably strong attraction upon the other "Balkan" parties, which led to the Dimitrov-Tito project of a Southeast European Federation, quickly stifled by the Russians. 1948-1953 were the years of the Soviet-led choir of vituperation against the heretics, of the cruel anti-Tito purges in each party, and of the saber-rattling measures evoked by the Cominform's special rapporteur on the problem, the Rumanian Gheorghiu-Dej. There followed the years of reconciliation and the policy of "different paths of socialism." This fallacious slogan survived the Polish and especially the Hungarian crisis but it came to a foreseeable end once the Yugoslavs had drafted their own comprehensive "path to socialism" plan in the spring of 1958. Once more the Soviet ideologists cracked down on the heretics, with the Albanian, Rumanian, and especially the Bulgarian parties publishing their own long and involved anti-Dühring-like texts.

It is therefore doubly useful at this moment for any reader in this country to be able to consult four separate monographs on the Southeast European "popular democracies," including one on the black sheep of the entire Communist family. The series, edited under the arduous supervision of Professor Robert F. Byrnes for the Mid-European Studies Center (now dissolved), comprises all the Communist-controlled countries of East Central Europe. Each volume is cast in the same mold, with identical sections: background, geography and demography, government and party, education and culture, economy, a chronology, a list of leading personalities, and a bibliography, more or less *raisonnée;* and each has practically the same size, a fact which enables Mr. Skendi, the sole and enthusiastic editor of the Albanian handbook, to fill almost as many pages as the Yugoslav survey, despite the disparity in size and importance between the two countries.

The decision of the Mid-European Studies Center to publish separate but stereotyped handbooks was made in 1953, when American research on these countries was suffocating under the "regional" or "pattern-finding" type of work published since 1945. The Stalinist *"Gleichschaltung"* seemingly undergone by all those countries, the lack of first-hand information and of properly trained experts on the subjects, as well as the "operative" purpose of the research sponsored during these years, were chiefly responsible for the continued appearance of "East Europe" omnibus volumes or periodicals which sliced a particular subject into seven parts and, for the convenience of both authors and readers, tried to establish similarities in all seven countries. Since then, however, the manifestly different destinies of Hungary, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania have, or should have, undermined this superficial approach. Under the irresistible pressure of events, newspapers, publishers, research institutes, and even the United Nations, have discovered that books on Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Poland can be best-sellers. For their early and disinterested decision, however, the Mid-European Studies Center and Professor Byrnes deserve a belated tribute.

IN THE present circumstances, when Yugoslavia once again comes forward as the "revisionist" alternative to Soviet ideology, it is relevant to

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inquire what the country has in common with Albania, Bulgaria, and Rumania, and what differences there are between her and them. The four countries share the cultural heritage of the Roman and Byzantine empires; for centuries they were in subjection to the Turks; their peoples are predominantly Orthodox in faith; Bulgaria, Rumania, and Yugoslavia control the lower course of the Danube; all four have an indirect link with the Mediterranean—Yugoslavia and Bulgaria through the Adriatic, and Rumania and Bulgaria through the Black Sea and the Straits; and they were, and remain, the countries with the highest percentage of agricultural population and over-population. Finally, the peoples of present-day Albania, Rumania, and Yugoslavia espoused the cause of the Allies during the First World War, and reached the climax of their national and political independence during the years of the League of Nations.

The fierce resistance opposed by the Yugoslav people, first led by Mihailovitch and his Chetniks, and then by Tito and the Partisans, to the Germans in 1941-45; the strategic position of Yugoslavia (50 per cent in the Soviet zone of operations and 50 per cent in the Allied Mediterranean zone at the end of the war); and the strength of her Communist party, enabled her, although under a Communist regime, to be the only "popular democracy" which did not acknowledge Soviet Russia as the source of her "liberation" and resisted the transformation into a Soviet-type satellite. This, after the break between the Yugoslavs and the Cominform, in 1948, was one more reason for the three "Balkan" Communist regimes to stiffen their attitude toward the heretics. In Albania and Bulgaria (countries with territorial disputes with Yugoslavia) the Communist parties were able to blend their ideological reproaches with old national rancors; but in Rumania—which had been traditionally united to Yugoslavia in a common defense against Germany and her revisionist friends in East Europe, Hungary, and Bulgaria—the denunciation was kept by necessity on the doctrinal level alone.

When in the summer of 1953 the Stalinist façade showed signs of cracking in all East European countries, and in the autumn of 1956 collapsed completely in Poland and Hungary, Yugoslavia's policy of compromise in regard to collectivization and industrialization was shown to be not only theoretically but also practically more germane to the small East European countries than the solution offered by Russia. Indeed, historians have found in the vastness of Russia's virgin agricultural land, in the wealth of her raw materials, and in the political passivity of her peoples, a sound explanation for Stalin's success with the forcible collectivization and industrialization of the 30's. Yugoslavia, with her decentralized economy, workers' councils, cooperative farming, and rational industrialization, could have become a model for the other East European Communist parties which were asked to govern small countries with limited resources and with a restive population, especially among the peasant class.

The reader of the four volumes should therefore be able to understand why and how the three Soviet-controlled Southeast European Communist parties, while maintaining their vocal loyalty to Soviet ideology, fall again and again into situations which they would find easier to solve through "Titoist" solutions; and why and how the maintenance of this Soviet control over the parties and countries keeps them in power as well as in a pretense of ideological purity.

However, the reader is not equally lucky with each of these four guides. Mr. Skendi's *Albania* is by far the clearest, most complete, and self-explanatory of the volumes here reviewed. Mr. Dellin's *Bulgaria* ranks second in providing a somewhat colorless but complete survey of the country and of her pro-German and pro-Russian policies between 1914 and 1956.

The volumes on *Yugoslavia* and *Rumania* come in a dead heat for final mention. The anonymous editor of *Yugoslavia* shows interest in and knowledge of the subject. But the book is incomplete: it has no chapters on religion, literature and the arts, labor, or even a chronology. Mr. Fischer Galati's *Rumania* has all the required chapter headings. But the studies themselves (with the notable exception of that on national security by Mr. Serge Aronovici) suffer from a dearth of information, immaturity in interpretation, and a slapdash approach to the subject. Even the Jewish problem, which played a much more important part in the political and economic life of Rumania than in that of Albania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia, is hardly studied. The few perfunctory remarks on the subject cannot substitute for genuine research and documentation.

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Lessons of the Hungarian Immigration

ESCAPE FROM FEAR. By MARTIN A. BURSTEN. Syracuse University Press. 224 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by HARRY N. ROSENFIELD

WHEN the Hungarian Revolt erupted in October 1956, Martin A. Bursten was among the first to reach the Austro-Hungarian border; there he had an opportunity to observe the westward migration of some 200,000 refugees—that "terrible outpouring of human tragedy"—from beginning to end. Public Relations Director of United HIAS Service and a veteran journalist, the author of *Escape from Fear* was able to study all aspects of this social explosion: flight; European reception; transportation overseas; and reception, resettlement, and integration in the United States.

Of the total number of Hungarians who fled Communism, approximately 168,000 have gone on to some 42 countries for resettlement. The United States gave haven to some 22 per cent of the Freedom Fighters who were resettled, the largest number received by any one country; we admitted a total of 38,000, of which 6,130 came with visas on a permanent basis, the remainder on parole (thus needing legislative adjustment). According to the Commissioner of Immigration's Final Report on the Hungarian Escapee Program, the United States also admitted 300 tubercular aliens to accompany their families—also contrary to our present law. Something like 24,000 of the 200,000 who fled still remain in Austria, Yugoslavia, and Italy, the countries of first asylum.

To cope with future such emergencies, Bursten recommends the establishment of a permanent international agency and major liberalization of American immigration laws. Certain themes recur in the book: The U.S.'s wisdom in admitting the Hungarian refugees; the extraordinary job done by American voluntary agencies, whose employees worked "from eight to exhaustion"; the need for professional social workers and immigration experts to accomplish resettlement and avoid maladjustment and exploitation; the inevitability of another "blow-up behind the Iron Curtain. . . . sooner or later"; and the need for basic amendments to our immigration laws, in particular the elimination of national origins as the criteria for selecting aliens who are to be admitted.

A good deal of little known information is disclosed in the chapter describing the development of American policy toward the Hungarian revolt, and again in the author's sketch of how American colleges and universities met the challenge by providing facilities for the new immigrants. Another well-documented chapter deals with the question of whether the United States, Radio Free Europe, or the Voice of America "fomented" the revolution, as alleged by the Communists. The evidence, some of it revealed for the first time, leads Bursten to conclude that, although there were careless words used in the very highest circles of the U. S. government, the charge is a "canard."

Bursten is generous in praise. But he is also realistic as to the ignoble motives, abroad no less than here, behind some grand gestures. He condemns our own government's short-lived religious quotas for visas; he expresses skepticism about the appropriateness of Madison Avenue's "powerhouse drive techniques" for "selling the Hungarian refugee"; he bluntly disapproves of "special preference" for cases espoused by Congressmen and other VIP's; and he gives a strictly factual account of Congressman Walter's inconsistencies on the parole program.

PERHAPS it is captious to wish for more. This reviewer would not have been so continuously laudatory of the various American government officials named by the author as involved in the program. And perhaps, too, one might have voiced some regret that the great majority of American voluntary agencies have been so reticent about what their experience incontrovertibly shows to be necessary, a frontal attack on our un-American immigration law. On this latter score, in an introduction, Scott McLeod, now U. S. Ambassador to Ireland and formerly administrator of the Refugee Relief Program, says that "the story of the Hungarian migration . . . is a perfect example of why we should seek to devise a revision of our immigration policy," in line with the President's suggestions.

The evidence of the need for fundamental revision of our present immigration law is overwhelming. A law couched in terms of the national origins system is obviously interested in a prospective alien's place of *birth*, not in his potential *worth* to this country. Our present immigration quota for Hungary is 865 persons

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annually. The inflexibility of such a quota would obviously have condemned the United States to impotent frustration in dealing with the Hungarian situation if the quota law had not been ignored, in one way or another. And such has been the history of the quota law since its adoption—it has had to be ignored, evaded, or otherwise circumvented whenever any major international crisis called for decisive action by the United States. When World War II ended with over one million displaced persons in Western Europe, Congress had to enact the Displaced Persons Act and evade the quotas by the patent device of "mortgaging" future quotas, some as far ahead as 300 years. (The device was repealed in 1957.) When the DP Act ran out and the Refugee Relief Act was passed in 1953, all refugees and others to whom it applied were admitted non-quota. When other special problems arose, such as the admission of the foreign war-brides of our servicemen, special laws again had to be enacted. The postwar history of immigration consists of a series of Congressional admissions of the inability of our national origins quota immigration law to serve our national interests and welfare. The absurdity of the national origins quota of 865 persons for Hungary, in the face of 38,000 Hungarians welcomed to the United States, appears in the comment of the Final Report of the Commissioner of Immigration, that the facts "establish beyond a doubt the potential value to the United States of the Hungarians who came to this country since the October 1956 revolt."

Escape from Fear not only helps us to understand one of the most important events of the decade; it is also useful as a basis for future private and governmental planning. It is a significant contribution to the literature on immigration and foreign affairs.

Unforgotten Man

AL SMITH AND HIS AMERICA. By OSCAR HANDLIN. Little, Brown. 207 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by DENNIS H. WRONG

ALFRED E. SMITH'S career has long symbolized both the gains and the frustrations experienced by the sons of immigrants in this century, so it is fitting that he should find a biographer in Oscar Handlin, our leading contemporary historian of immigration and chronicler of ethnic groups in America. No figure possessing a historical importance that is not immediately apparent tends to be so forgotten as the man of the day before yesterday—too remote in time to be still a living memory and too recent to have been dealt with fully by the historians. Thus Handlin performs a service in briefly narrating the story of Smith's unusual career: his rise from the Irish tenements of the Bowery through Tammany Hall to the Governorship of New York, his record as a five-term governor, his Presidential candidacy in 1928 and the anti-Catholic, anti-immigrant agitation it aroused, and his last embittered years as a critic of the New Deal and a stalwart of the Liberty League.

This service acknowledged, however, it must be admitted that *Al Smith and His America* is a superficial and pedestrian book, one that goes to such lengths in taking Smith's side against all the critics and foes he encountered in over thirty years in politics as to give the curious impression of being a retrospective campaign biography. The appearance of intense partisanship is created in part by a stylistic device to which Handlin is addicted: the presentation of his subject's point of view in the subject's own imagined words, in prose, that is, which attempts to echo the rhythms of colloquial speech. Thus passages containing rather feeble efforts to reproduce Smith's Bowery brogue and occasional direct quotes from his speeches are followed by passages of straight narration or, much more rarely, interpretation. This approach was effective in an earlier book of Handlin's, *The Uprooted,* where his main intention was to convey the immediate feel of the experience of millions of European peasants suddenly thrust into an alien urban environment in a foreign land, but it is less appropriate to political biography. One can never be certain whether Handlin is endorsing Smith's views or merely presenting them in dramatized form.

And however justified it may be to regard the unanswered question, "Can a Catholic ever become President of the United States?" as Smith's main legacy to contemporary America, he was after all primarily an immensely effective politician in a period of major social change who fought numerous political engagements with men some of whom are still alive. Handlin does not fail to remind us of the extent to which the present structure of state

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government in New York is still largely that which Smith forged into an efficient administrative apparatus, but, while he convincingly exonerates Smith from the charge of being nothing more than a Tammany machine man, he is distressingly vague about Smith's position on national political issues, greatly overworking the adjective "pragmatic" to characterize his hero's outlook.

Smith as New York State Assemblyman and Governor is pictured as a pioneer of the welfare state in his concern with humanitarian legislation and state regulation of business, but Handlin avoids fully recognizing Smith's conservative position in his contest with Roosevelt for the 1932 Presidential nomination. He almost leads us to believe that prohibition, and not the depression, was the great issue of the campaign and he criticizes Roosevelt for avoiding a forthright stand on it. But that Smith's economic views, heavily influenced by John J. Raskob and other wealthy businessmen with whom he had become associated politically and financially in the late 20's, were almost indistinguishable from Hoover's (up to and including advocacy of the protectionism traditionally opposed by the Democratic party) he neglects to mention. He does say that Smith favored "tariff reform," but without indicating that he wanted tariffs raised rather than lowered. Indeed, Handlin manages to suggest, without ever actually saying so, that the notion that Smith was in 1932 the leader of the conservative city Democrats backed by Wall Street is a canard spread by the Roosevelt forces in the pre-convention jockeying. Clearly, Harvard historians ought to get together more often, for Handlin's account of the Smith-Roosevelt relationship and of the 1932 Democratic convention differs markedly from that of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. in *The Crisis of the Old Order* published last year. Schlesinger, to put it mildly, is hardly free from partisan enthusiasm for his hero, Roosevelt, but it is possible in his account, as it is not in Handlin's, to distinguish between the actual record of events, the responses to them of the chief protagonist, and the historian's own interpretations.

Not until he discusses the violent opposition to Roosevelt and the New Deal which led Smith to become a founder of the Liberty League and a supporter of the Republican tickets in 1936 and 1940 does Handlin allow himself to be critical. And even here he strikes an excessively apologetic note in reading into Smith's standard anti-New Deal oratory a valid perception of the dangers to "liberty" of excessive emphasis on "security" and "economic problems"—the kind of insight which has become commonplace in the 50's, but which hardly explains or justifies the banal and irrelevant ideologizing of the Liberty Leaguers in the worst years of the depression. Whatever Smith's virtues he was not, after all, a political philosopher steeped in Acton, Tocqueville, and Mill.

Perhaps *Al Smith and His America,* unlike some of the author's earlier books, should be judged as the work of a publicist rather than that of a historical scholar. Before its publication in book form it was serialized in a Boston newspaper—Boston with its huge Irish population being one of the few parts of the country where Smith is a well-remembered figure as well as being the capital of a state whose leading politician today is like Smith an Irish Catholic and a Democratic Presidential aspirant. The limitations of Handlin's book clearly stem from his subordination of the actual stuff of history to the obvious yet inescapable symbolism of Al Smith's career. If his treatment of Smith's role in national politics is perfunctory and overly selective, this is because Smith is for him pre-eminently the immigrant boy who made good in America but was the victim of religious and ethnic prejudice when he reached for the highest prize of all. And if there are other perspectives from which Smith's life and career might be viewed, his name still evokes status anxieties among Irish Catholics, anxieties which (as Samuel Lubell has shown) slumber beneath the surface of American politics and erupt sporadically to find intemperate expression in movements like McCarthyism.

Eloquent Scholarship

PROPHETIC FAITH IN ISAIAH. By SHELDON H. BLANK. Harper. 241 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by MOSES HADAS

A PRIME ingredient disappeared from Jewish life when, following the example of philological study generally, concern for the Jewish literary tradition became professional. Books were transformed into laboratory specimens to be approached only by a guild of experts; widespread amateur competence in original texts and adult interpretation gave way to authoritarian and

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condescending popularizations. The merit of Professor Blank's book is that it respects both the subject and the reader by making original scholarly work of high quality accessible to others than the author's own peers.

That the prophetic books, and Isaiah in particular, do not receive the kind of treatment accorded to works of comparable standing in other literatures is scandalous; new books on Sophocles or Dante addressed to the cultivated amateur appear every year. Isaiah, as the dust jacket on Professor Blank's book asserts, stands "at the summit of Old Testament religion"; of the so-called Second Isaiah (Chs. 40-55) C. C. Torrey wrote, with excusable hyperbole, that he is "supreme and unrivalled among the great poets of the world." Despite, or perhaps because of, the fact that it is rather an anthology than a unified book or the work of a single man or a single century, Isaiah has been the best loved and most familiar of all prophetic writings, and a fresh study is always timely.

Professor Blank's book is therefore very welcome. It would have been more so if he had not chosen to limit himself, as his title indicates, to the religious content. To be sure, the chief interest of Isaiah, even to the secular-minded, is religious, and religion must be the prime concern of a professor in a theological seminary; but even religious significances can be illuminated by a brief account of political and social backgrounds and by consideration of literary techniques and properties. These things, as well as the text and the accepted criticism of it, the reader of the present volume is assumed to know; the foreword warns us that the book "is not an 'introduction,' it is not a 'commentary,' it is not a 'survey of recent literature upon,' and it is not a polemic." It is in fact a series of disparate scholarly studies (some of which have indeed appeared in scholarly periodicals) tied together by a common theme and building up a unified picture, but differing from ordinary philological studies in their decidedly protreptic and homiletic tone.

What Professor Blank has chosen to give is rich in solid and acute scholarship and zestful eloquence. He shows us *the* Isaiah in his uncompromising starkness by disengaging his utterances from their incrustations and correcting dislocations, and enlarges upon the significant theological advance of the Second Isaiah in making the personal name of Israel's God mean God unqualified and in conceiving of Israel as God's prophet. He analyzes the implications of

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the conception of Israel as the prophet of the one and only God with reference to ideas of faith, holiness, prayer, and the proper relationship of Israel to God and the world. Incidentally he disposes of the inveterate Christological interpretations of the name Immanuel, the young woman who gives birth, and the suffering servant. On Isaiah 53, which is the principal suffering-servant poem, Professor Blank is particularly enlightening; the servant is the prophet, who symbolizes the totality of Israel.

There is much else here that students of the Bible will find fresh and stimulating; the pity is that "students" must be qualified by "of the Bible." Professor Blank has loosened the grip of the professionalist mold; we could wish that he might shake it off entirely and apply his scholarly and literary talents to a book which will introduce amateurs to the whole of Isaiah.

Satire of Reproof

PARKTILDEN VILLAGE. By GEORGE P. ELLIOTT. Beacon Press. 200 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT BRUSTEIN

PARKTILDEN VILLAGE, George P. Elliott's first novel, is a satiric nose-thumbing at the age of the social sciences and embodies a plea for the restoration of certain values which the permissive disciplines have squeezed out of the human spirit.

The central character, Peter Hazen, feels no need to look for any "connection between the state of his soul and the place in which he lives," but one of the virtues of this well-written novel is the manner in which Elliott insists on the correspondence between houses and souls, things and people, language and character, acts and consequences. In the course of the book, Hazen emerges as the personification of the well-planned California development in which he lives, with its 1,120 apartments in eight hues of gray, its false fireplaces, its mechanical tastefulness. Handsome, winning, intelligent, well-intentioned, and utterly without soul, he is a wrinkle on that bland American innocent who has fascinated so many authors since James. A sociologist teaching at the University of California, he has developed a cocksure technique with which to cope with the complexities of life: "His faith was that analysis and correct description is the only secure way to see the world and furthermore that everything could be analyzed and correctly described if we only knew how. . . . He refused to deny the importance of his faith and he refused to deny the truth of his experience; he had become a practicing cynic, a sentimental idealist, and one who asks other people questions about their secret ways."

In other words, Hazen is a man obsessed with categories and phenomena rather than values and judgments. When asked what "concept of man" permits him to examine people in the way he does, Hazen must admit he doesn't have any. Before the prospect of evil he can only fold his hands.

In consequence, he is not, like James's innocents, a passive victim of chicanery and complexity but an active agent whose cheerful indifference to consequence results in the despoliation of lives. He gets involved in affairs both with the wife of one of his colleagues and her teen-age daughter. When this double deception is revealed to the two women, the result is emotional havoc and the near destruction of a home. But although Hazen finally comes to understand his guilt, he cannot feel it. Because of his inability to reflect other than analytically on his actions, even his suffering becomes numbed. The reader takes leave of him as he satisfies himself with the conviction that he has culled an "insight" from his experience and thus somehow validated it.

The same techniques operate in Hazen's professional life as well. His researches often seem an opportunity for him to indulge his impulses without taking responsibility for them. It is no accident that, studying the "social significance" of comic strips, he ends by turning out a successful strip himself; his training gives him no moral resistance to popular culture. Similarly, in order to gather material for a paper on hot-rods and hot-rodders, Hazen buys himself a motorcycle and participates in "chicken runs" and "drag races" with the Neanderthal friends of his teen-age mistress. He describes his researches as an effort to discover "what this phenomenon is a symptom of," but another character accurately observes that what he really wants is "to ride around fast like everybody else." Hazen bears down hard on life, but neither his speed nor his energy disguise the fact that there is something essentially inert about him. He is at one with the objects of his contemplation, hopped-up and bump-proof but suffering from a vital defect in his moral machinery.

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ALTHOUGH *Parktilden Village* is not kind to certain assumptions of social science, it is a book of considerable social, as well as moral, passion and is fresh in its willingness to make cultural generalizations. Elliott writes of the hot-rodders neither with dispassion nor sensationalism but views them sadly as the inevitable consequence of widespread tendencies of thought and behavior in American life. We move from the cultured conversation of the Parktilden Village intelligentsia to the monosyllabic brutality of the delinquents at Iggie's Tavern without any sense that the two worlds are incommensurate. By the time Hazen's adolescent love, shaken by his duplicity, has run off to Las Vegas with the most vicious of the hot-rodders, it has been amply demonstrated how shamefully the adult world has failed her. And, ironically, the dingy, broken-down city apartment to which the young couple flee is merely a "Sears Roebuck imitation" of Parktilden Village. After all, the hot-rod is merely a souped-up Ford or Buick, teen-age violence only a less efficient imitation of adult wars, and delinquency only an exaggerated extension of certain kinds of adult behavior.

In this novel, delinquency results from a failure of responsibility on the part of even the most benevolent characters—as the girl's mother says, "We all love her and none of us did the right thing." For Elliott, every act—even the failure to act—has consequences which can be felt on every level of society. Involved in the catastrophe are not only the central characters but the very values of modern life. This view makes for a width of observation beside which the subjective personal statements of recent literature seem pallid and thin. Unlike Ginsberg and Kerouac, Elliott is able to observe the Beat Generation without committing himself to its lunacies; at the same time, he can both advance the claims of the intelligent mind and repudiating its excesses.

Elliott generally chooses to offer his material with a straight face, and the result is that he often seems to be mildly spoofing. This is Horatian satire, the satire of reproof through presentation, and it seems to me a better weapon than the Juvenalian scourge with which to confront a time full of sham, pretense, and complacency such as we now enjoy. We find this form of satire appearing today in the most outlandish places—the night-club acts of Mort Sahl, the radio skits of Bob and Ray, the cartoons of Jules Feiffer—where it always embodies a criticism of, as well as an involvement with, the social world. That it appears to some extent in *Parktilden Village* is only one of the engaging qualities of this modest little book.

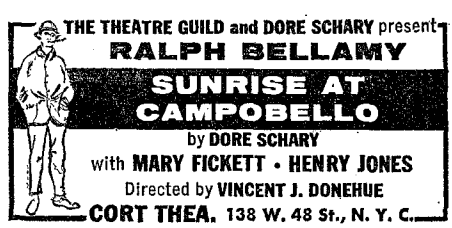
Literary Export

A WHOLE LOAF: STORIES FROM ISRAEL. Edited by SHOLOM J. KAHN. Karni (Tel Aviv). 344 pp.

Reviewed by JOEL BLOCKER

HEBREW literature in English has been, until recently, a kind of literary curiosity: artificial and quaint, remote and lifeless, it has concerned only those who, for one reason or another, have possessed a special interest either in the Hebrew language itself or in the results of its rejuvenation in Israel. Even with the establishment of the State and the subsequent attempts, both official and private, to attract a wider English-speaking public for Israeli literature, the generally low caliber of the translations published has precluded any real impact being made.

A Whole Loaf, a selection of Israeli stories published in Israel but obviously intended primarily for export, is superior to its many predecessors in three important respects. While conforming to the familiar pigeonholing of Israeli literature into three "literary generations"—those with strong *galut* ties, writers of the second and third *aliyot*, and the new sabra writers—the accent has wisely been placed on the modern. Seven out of the fifteen stories collected in the book are by writers of the "young generation," and all of them are set in the 20th century. Most of the translations lack the familiar archaisms, crudities, and barbarisms of language which have littered the pages of past efforts and made much Hebrew literature in English seem hardly literate. Last, and perhaps most important, *A Whole Loaf* gives us reasonably good translations of two stories by S. Y. Agnon, the giant of contempo-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rary Hebrew letters and heretofore certainly one of the most abused in English. Agnon emerges from these pages as a world literary figure of the first order, notwithstanding his almost complete immersion in a special Jewish tradition, and despite the well-known aversion to his work of most young sabras.

Five of the stories by younger writers are either about the War of Independence itself or its prelude or aftermath: "The Party" by Aharon Meged, "Doctor Schmidt" by Moshe Shamir, "The Seven" by Nathan Shaham, "The Dead and the Living" by S. Yizhar (an excerpt from his novel, *The Grove on the Hill,* which dealt with the Arab riots of 1936-1939), and—by far the best of the group—"A Roll of Canvas" by Benjamin Tammuz. The piece by Yizhar is not a self-contained unit and suffers from its excision from the original work, but the other four have a directness and force reflecting the world of dynamism and flux which was the struggle for independence, and all translate very naturally into English. Meged's study of a legless veteran of the War of Independence, utilizing a kind of modified stream-of-consciousness technique, seems to lose the most in translation. The two worlds of the story, the tortured, paranoic internal world of the amputee's mind and the pat-on-the-back superficiality of the party he unwillingly attends, never fully meet because the hero's musings lack a realistic, convincing medium; and one is left with a feeling of an experiment that did not quite come off. In Tammuz's contribution to the volume, the conflict is essentially between two generations (a theme, incidentally, which appears in no less than six of the stories in this book), an independent, self-confident, yet searching young sabra, and Pesach Katz, an inarticulate and ineffective champion of traditional Jewish humanism and humaneness who refuses on moral grounds to contribute to the Haganah. Their characters are sketched brilliantly in short, incisive strokes, and the ambiguous ending, without any real reconciliation, is full of pathos and grim irony.

Part II of the book contains, in addition to the two stories by Agnon, an Arab tale by Moshe Smilansky, "Shaitana," whose erotically sensuous prose is beautifully rendered into English by I. M. Lask; two accounts of the old life enduring amid the new, "Reb Shmelke of Safad" by Yaakov Churgin and "The Late-born" by Yehoshua Bar-Yosef; two stories which touch in different ways on kibbutz life, "Country Town" by the late Yitzhak Shenhar and "Polka" by Yigal Mossinsohn; and "Enigma" by Yisrael Zarchi, a subtle, penetrating character study of a headstrong sabra girl in Jerusalem. Like Tammuz's Tel Aviv story, "Enigma" is most successful when it focuses directly on the sabra mentality; and both pieces are graced by careful, precise English translations. On the other hand, Shenhar's account of life in Afula and a neighboring collective settlement during the 20's, and Mossinsohn's story of adultery and reconciliation on a kibbutz, seem stilted and artificial, chiefly because the translators tried to carry the Hebrew present tense (a "literary" present tense) bodily into English—with drastic results. It is doubtful, however, whether even a faultless translation could have saved Mossinsohn's effort, so full is it of stereotyped characters and situations and so empty of any literary grace.

Dr. Kahn has done a commendable job in bringing together, for the most part, an impressive variety of competent English translations. It is all the more surprising, then, that his own contribution is the most eccentric piece in the book, a glaring lapse in taste, and surely one of the most extraordinary translations ever to appear anywhere. Dr. Kahn has chosen one of Hazaz's Yemenite tales, "The Lord Have Mercy," a story of a Yemenite couple in early World War II Mandatory days who, because they have no children, face the likelihood of the husband being drafted. Most of the charm and effect of the story lie in the description of the passionate characters of the husband and wife and Hazaz's transcription of their rich, flavorful, quite unique speech. "The editor, searching for some equivalent in English for the language of Hazaz's Yemenites," Dr. Kahn tells us in the introduction, "was struck by the many affinities *in this particular story* with certain qualities of Negro character and dialect. . . ." (his italics), and he proceeds to rattle off a deceptive list of sociological abstractions ("racy humor, carelessness with respect to grammar . . . sincere religiosity which sometimes descends to superstition; folk idiom and readiness with epithets . . . and in general a certain likeable 'primitive' quality"). "He therefore makes so bold as to present here Hazaz's very Jewish Yemenites speaking a sort of Negro dialect. . . ." Anyone whose fancy is taken at first with the originality and ingeniousness of Dr. Kahn's melting-pot is swiftly re-

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stored to reason when the actual carnage begins:

"His missus, Badra, she saw things the way he did, and she wanted what he wanted. 'Why, man' says she, 'y' is d'on'y husban' ah'se got. Is ah gonna give mah honeybunch, mah sweetiepie, mah big buck, to study war? Not on yo' life! Not on yo' lives, damn yo' souls! An' ah don't mean yo' pappies! . . .'"

More than half the story is made up of conversation and monologue, and this orgy of apostrophes runs on for pages. The Negro dialect is not even authentic, but rather a monstrous pastiche of the language of *Green Pastures* and other similar false dialect works of the 30's and 40's. This "language" simply does not exist, never has, and would have been better left to die a natural death than to be resuscitated to fill the mouths of Yemenite Jews.

The two stories by S. Y. Agnon strike a more affirmative note. "Metamorphosis" (*"Panim Acherot"*), the only selection in the book which takes place in the *galut,* is a delicate and sensitive account of an estranged middle-aged couple who, on the day of their divorce, spend a few hours together in the peaceful countryside and, despite their radically different outlooks, share a few moments of equivocal communication. It is very European in style and mood; the fact of the couple's Jewishness is almost incidental. I. Schen's translation is both faithful and stylized. He has wisely refrained from trying to duplicate Agnon's style in English—so often the pitfall of former efforts—and has instead concentrated on conveying the mood of the story in suitable English prose.

The title story (*"Pat Shlemah"*) is a product of Agnon's more recent work, and if "Metamorphosis" reminds us of Thomas Mann, the first name that one calls to mind in reading "A Whole Loaf" is Kafka. Set in the new part of Jerusalem sometime during the Mandate and at moments very naturalistic in style, it tells of a lonely man whose wife and children are abroad and who has no food in the house for the Sabbath. On his way to a restaurant he meets two acquaintances, each of whom detains him for a short while. The first, Dr. Yekutiel Ne'eman, admonishes him for not really trying to bring his family back to Israel and gives him some letters to mail at the post office. En route there, he encounters a Mr. Gressler, gets himself entangled in the latter's horse and carriage, promptly forgets about the letters, and enters a near-by restaurant. From this

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COMMENTARY

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point on the story ceases to be wholly realistic, and the strange ensuing scene in the restaurant is described in bare, unadorned prose. The narrator insists on being given a "whole loaf," waits hours without being served, finally falling asleep in his chair, where he remains the whole night with only some rats and a cat for company. When he wakes in the morning he remembers the letters, but ". . . that day was Sunday, when the post office was closed for things the clerk did not consider important." Nothing is accomplished, no action completed: the narrator does not satisfy his hunger, the letters are not mailed, and the last sentence of the story brings us right back to the beginning.

Agnon's Hebrew in this and other stories is so personal and unique that the term "style" does not do it justice. It can perhaps be more accurately described as a special literary language all its own. Basically derived from Mishnaic Hebrew, it is filled with allusions to Rabbinic literature, yet possesses a precision and at times a lyric quality rarely surpassed in any more conventional Hebrew prose. In the present story, theme and language coalesce and reflect one another. For when read allegorically—it is hardly possible to understand it otherwise—this tale of a lonely, hungry man unable to make the smallest decisions or to satisfy his most immediate needs is a parable of the modern Jew, whom Agnon sees as cut off from the "wholeness" of a once full, traditional life. The language of the story is itself a kind of re-creation of the tradition, and a veiled reference in one place, or the changing or addition of a word in a traditional phrase in another, affords ample opportunity for accenting the disparity between the past and the present.

No translation could possibly carry all this into English and still be readable. I. M. Lask's transcription is, aside from a few eye-stoppers (a roof "fevers," ". . . the power of imagination arrived"), more than competent in catching the staccato, yet decidedly rhythmic quality of Agnon's prose, and when it errs it errs on the side of literalness.

With the Tenth Anniversary celebrations just over, and the fever to publicize and display attacking all spheres of Israeli society, more books like this one are probably in the offing. It is to be hoped that the selection of writings and quality of the translations will not be unduly influenced by the pressures of time and publicity for the State. In a speech honoring Gershom Scholem, published recently in the Israeli newpaper *Ha'aretz*, Agnon himself has underlined the importance of more good translations of Hebrew literature. After describing Scholem's translations into German of some of his own stories as ". . . an example worthy of imitation of translations from Hebrew into a foreign language," he remarked that "if we had [more] translators like Scholem the nations of the world would know a little bit more about the Jewish people, and even those among the Jewish people who do not know the Hebrew language would perhaps make an effort to know our literature in its own language." At a time when so much energy is expended in bemoaning the cultural gap that exists between Israel and the Diaspora and so little expended in doing something about it, Agnon's vision is a goal worth striving to attain.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Ghita Ionescu, now resident in the United States, took his doctor's degree at the University of Bucharest. The Royal Institute of International Affairs (London) will bring out his "Rumania under Communism."

Harry N. Rosenfield was Commissioner of the Displaced Persons Commission from 1948-52, and then Director of the President's Commission on Immigration and Naturalization. He is now in private law practice in Washington, D.C.

Dennis H. Wrong appears frequently in our review section, and has contributed important longer pieces. A member of the sociology faculty at Brown University, he is the author of *Population* (Random House).

Moses Hadas has often contributed his scholarly criticism to our pages. He holds the post of Jay Professor of Greek at Columbia University.

Robert Brustein's piece "America's New Culture Hero," which appeared in our last February's number, occasioned a good deal of discussion.

Joel Blocker, a native of New York, is presently teaching English at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. This is his first appearance in Commentary.

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